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F R E D O L F O ;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN,

AUTHOR OF BERTRAM, &c. &c.

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THE REV. C. B. MATTHEW

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

MY LORD,

I HAVE solicited your Grace's permission to dedicate this Tragedy to you, not merely on account of your exalted rank — though that is the highest in your native country ; not merely on account of your condescension to literary men — though that has induced you to notice efforts even humble as mine ; but, because to the scattered nobility of a deserted Country, *you* set the *rare* and illustrious example of a resident Irish Nobleman.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's very humble

and obedient Servant,

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SWISS.

FREDOLFO	Mr. YOUNG.
ADELMAR	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
BERTHOLD.....	Mr. YATES.
WALDO.....	Mr. CONNOR.
PAGE	Mr. PARSLOE.
MINSTREL.....	Mr. COMER.
PRIOR	Mr. CHAPMAN.
MONK	Mr. THORNTON.
URILDA	MISS O'NEILL.

AUSTRIANS.

WALLENBERG	Mr. MACREADY.
ULRIC.....	Mr. WHITE.

Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

*Time—the Fourteenth Century.—Scene—the Residence
of Fredolfo, on Mount St. Gothard, and at Altdorf
in the neighbourhood.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SWISS

FREDOLFO Mr. Young.
ADELMAR Mr. C. Kemple.
BERTHOLD Mr. Yates.
WILDO Mr. Connor.
PAGE Mr. Parsons.
MINSTREL Mr. Comer.
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Time—the Fourteenth Century.—Scene—the Residence
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in the neighbourhood.

PROLOGUE.



Who has not heard of that romantic clime,
Where, throned in wildness, Nature reigns sublime;
Where the young peasant, 'mid creation's shock,
Slumbers in peace upon his cradle rock;
And as the lightnings flash and thunders roll,
To danger educates his ardent soul;
Till the full spirit, now in years mature,—
As its own mountain-torrent grand and pure—
Worships the spot where despotism fell,
And fate and freedom wing'd the shaft of Tell!
Britons! o'er such a scene the Muse to-night
Rises rejoicing on her plumes of light,
Proudly assured to every bosom here
The soil of liberty is doubly dear!
Yet is not war her sanguinary theme—
The statesman's madness, or the warrior's dream!
The sad vicissitudes of mortal weal,
The pangs that all have felt, or yet may feel—
A daughter's anguish, and a father's fall—
Such is our theme to-night:—of Nature's call
What human breast, till life's last awful hour,
Denies the echo or disowns the power?—
Not for his theme, but Muse, the stranger fears,
Nor dreams of plaudits, so he win but tears!

PROLOGUE.

Who has not heard of that romantic clime,
Where, throned in wildness, Nature reigns sublime;
Where the young peasant, mild creation's shock,
Slumbers in peace upon his cradle rock;
And as the lightnings flash and thunders roll,
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FREDOLFO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Gothic Hall in the Castle of Fredolfo ; Waldo and a Minstrel seated at a table, with wine. The Minstrel touching a chord on his harp, as the curtain draws up, as if he had just concluded an air. Night : storm heard without. Waldo starts up.

Wal. HUSH !—hark !—

The warder on the tower hath blown his blast.—
It is my lord—where are those loitering knaves ?

— *Enter Page, with a torch.*

How now, Sir boy, ye keep brave order here !—
Did ye not hear the summoning blast that sent
Its deep low tremblings on the hollow wind ?

Page. I stood upon the warder's tower, and
listen'd ;—

There was no voice, nor lip of man to breathe
it.

“ *Minstrel*. It was the wind, or else the hooting owl,

“ Or some wild sound of the many voiced mountain,

“ Such as men oft in mountain regions hear.

“ Sit down, that I may touch my harp again.

“ *Wal*. Peace, peace, I pray thee; peace—
how looks the night?”

Page. It is a fearful and a stormy night;
Woe to the traveller, who in such an hour
Must scale St. Gothard's height!

Wal. Away, thou loiterer!
Where is the beacon that should burn so bright?
Where is the taper in the latticed casement,
Shedding its star-like ray, to guide the traveller?

Away! and from the vale should trampling hoof
Or horn be heard, or torch-led litter gleam,
Let all his battlements ring with the blast
That gives Fredolfo welcome! [*Exit Page*.

(*Pausing as the storm increases.*)

Hush! the storm—
It gives a thrilling answer to my speech.—
Oh, I do fear some evil from this night!

Min. Why doth he leave at such unwonted hour

His shelter'd home in Altdorf's pleasant walls,
Giving his hoary age to the wind's rudeness,—
Which the cloak'd churl would shrink from at
such hour—

And bearing to these wilds his lovely daughter?

Wal. What boots it thee to know? he hath his reasons.—

On with thy tale, or song, to speed the moments!

Min. What, shall I tell thee of a stern old carle,

Who chid the curious wishes of a minstrel,
All-while he burn'd to tell the tale himself?

Wal. Go to! thou art insolent and curious—
too.—

I have no tale—'tis all but doubt and wonder!

“ 'Tis weary watching for the traveller

“ Who journeys in the night, and wearier still

“ Watching for those who with the tempest meet

“ The dark and wrestling angel of the night;

“ But, oh! 'tis sad to watch the lamp for him

“ Who seeks his home as men explore a channel—

“ A place of foul and festering recollections;—

“ Whose walls a viewless hand hath traced with writing, —

“ Whose floors have daggers for the foot that treads them.

“ *Min.* What dost thou mean by these mysterious words?”

Wal. Ten years have pass'd, since Lord Fredolfo journey'd

To meet the Syndics in the halls of Altdorf.—

He was the country's idol — Switzerland,

Through all her rescued cantons, bless'd her
champion ;

For, when he sat in council, from his head
Sprang Liberty, a living goddess arm'd !

Nor lack'd his hand the thunder to defend
her. —

So he went forth — the people blessing him ; —

His wife and infant daughter here remain'd, —

He kiss'd them on the morn of his departure,

But not on his return : — Hark ! — Hark ! —

what noise ?

[*Minstrel rises. — Through the casement is seen
a display of the effects of a storm, in a moun-
tainous country.*

“ *Min.* The storm in his dark might hath
gone abroad

“ Among the mountains ; — all their echoes an-
swer

“ The giant anthem of a thousand caverns

“ That day hath never look'd on : —

“ There is a blackness in the hurtling air,

“ As light had never been : —

“ Woe to the traveller in a night like this ! ”

Wal. It was a night like this, of woe and fear,
(The stormy twilight of a winter's eve,)

Fredolfo to these towers return'd in hope. —

His child, alone, to meet her father ran —

No mother led her there : — he flung her off,

He called her mother's name, and echo mock'd
him ; —

The silence of the menials answer'd him, —

They knew not her dark fate, nor aught could
tell him.

Min. Where was his wife?

Wal. Who knew? who knows even now?
She was no more, yet no one mark'd her end:—
Her veil and zone, flung on a fearful rock,
Through whose worn arch the mountain-torrent
struggled,
Were all her fate's memorial.

Min. Merciful heaven!
Was there no trace, no answering event?

Wal. Yes, there was one; on that same fear-
ful night
The Austrian governor, stern Wallenberg,
Lay on yon rocks a stark and weltering corse.—
It was a horrid sight to see him borne
Within these walls, stretch'd out upon this
pavement;
His unclosed eyes, clench'd hands, and bared
teeth,
Fix'd in the strength of the last horrible agony,
Show'd he had struggled felly with the hands
That dealt with him.

“ — Why dost thou gaze upon me?

“ *Min.* I know not why I gaze—on with thy
tale.

“ *Wal.* There is a dizzy trembling in my
brain,

“ Whene'er I see that vision — that lost wife —

“ And then that Austrian tyrant” — Through
the cantons

Still sounds the cry, “Who will reveal the murderer?”

His tyrant son still urges the reward —
In vain; the grave its secret darkly kept,
And from that hour these walls a master knew
not.

Why now he seeks them, ask me not to tell.

Enter Page, hastily.

Page. There is a voice of terror from the
vale,
Neighing of startled steeds, and shouts of horse-
men;
And feebly mingling with the deep-toned blast,
I heard a female’s cries.

Wal. It is the daughter of Fredolfo! Haste,
Away! bear torches, throw the portal wide:—

[Exit Page.

Full strait and perilous is the path by day,
Which that lorn lady must in darkness tread.

[A confused noise without.

Enter Berthold.

Ha! Berthold — her attendant! — Where’s thy
lady?

Bert. Curse on the tremblings of this pithless
arm,
That vainly struggled with her frightened steed,
While to the flood he bore his screaming bur-
den!

Wal. His screaming burden? Heavens! she
perishes! —

Coward! thou saw'st her danger, and thou
fled'st!

Thou thing of weakness and deformity,
'Twas thy ill-omen'd visage scared her palfrey!
Would I could tarry longer here to curse thee!

[*Rushes out with the rest.*]

Bert. Coward, deform'd, and spurn'd! —

Can I not stab him? —

Why, when my fingers would enwring his throat,
Does my bedew'd and quivering flesh recoil? —

All loathsome things are things of danger too —

Even the small spider hath his drop of poison,

As deadly as the vast and volumed serpent's. —

I — I, alone, must writhe in impotence,

Gasp with unutter'd curses, and crush darkly

The abortive births of mischief in their throes.

[*Confused sound of voices without — Vassals enter
with torches, and Waldo, bearing Urilda in
his arms, in a swoon.*]

Vassals. She lives! she's saved! — A stran-
ger's arm hath saved her!

Bert. (*snatching her from Waldo*) Stand back!
— 'twas to my care her father gave her.

Fellow, stand back! no arm but mine shall
clasp her.

(*Pausing over her.*)

Oh! it renews the heart to gaze on thee!

Thou thing of power, that hast not life, but
givest it: —

Thou beauteous even in death — making death
beauteous !

Those softly closed lids, in whose rich veil
The unseen light dwells lovely,—the wan cheek,
Amid whose pallid bower death weds with
beauty ;

The faintly-falling arms, the woe-bent head —
Oh ! still be thus ! Oh, yes, be ever thus ! —

While thus I see thee calm, I deem thee kind.
Those eyes will ope — to turn their light from
me ;

Those arms will wave, to chide me with their
softness ;

And, oh ! that lip, — that rubied cup of bliss,
That flows with joy for all, pour hate on me !

Wal. (incensed) Audacious ! — to the daugh-
ter of thy lord ! —

[*Urilda recovering, and starting from the arms
of Berthold, whom she views with horror.*]

Uril. Ha ! saved by thee ! — impossible ! —
where was I ?

There was an arm — it was not thine, that saved
me.

Wal. No, lady, no ; he fled — the coward
fled !

Thy scatter'd train, storm-struck, aghast, and
trembling,

Consign'd thee to his care, who cared for nought
But the vile freight of his most worthless carcase,
Whose fragments even the rending rocks had
scorn'd.

Uril. (starting at the sound)

Amid the rocks!—Ay! there, 'twas there he
found me!

The horrid avalanche came thundering down—
Angel of wrath—most horrible in whiteness;
Pale desolation's ghastly smile,—that smile
More fearful than its frown—I saw, and fled,—
And when o'er the wild chasm my courser
paused,
Where the rent pine had flung a fearful arch,
I knew that I was there, but knew not how!—
A dizzy whirl of nothingness and horror—
My brain is giddy!—mine own shrieks are there!
The chasm yawns black beneath me—that black
chasm!

And then, a mist of fire—and then an arm—
Cries were my breath!—I shriek'd, even though
it saved me.

Wal. Shame on yon craven's flight! It was a
stranger,
A youth unknown, nor mingled with your train;
When even the boldest rein'd their steeds in
horror,
With desperate steps he scaled that bridge of
death,
With desperate arm he snatch'd thee from its
verge;
Nor paused his foot, nor fail'd his nervous grasp,
Till safe he placed thee in thy vassals' arms.

Uril. Speak,—my deliverer! wherefore comes
he not?

Will he not hear me bless him? Doth he scorn
Thanks from the lip, whose life his gift hath
been?

Why are ye silent? (*gazing round her.*)

Wal. Strange was his demeanor;
His cheek glow'd freshly; and, as on he bore you,
We well could mark his high heroic form;
But, when his eye upon the sculptured walls
That fence your towers, had caught Fredolfo's
name,
From his lax arms their senseless burthen
dropp'd,
And stern he parted, shunning further question.

Uril. Is this a dream? I am Fredolfo's
daughter—

And does a son of Switzerland think scorn
To save the child of him who saved his country?
Does not the heart that hears his name ex-
pand
Like palace-gates to greet some glorious
guest? —
Away, and seek him!

[*Exeunt Waldo and vassals.*
(*Turning, and starting at seeing herself alone*
with Berthold.)

Ha! thou lingering there!
Art thou there still, and I alone with thee?
Oh! seek him too!

Bert. Seek *him*? the happy youth,
Who press'd that form to his high-heaving
side, —

Who saw thy smile of death in silence bless
him!

Seek *him*! — No; — bid me wrestle with the
storm,

When on the ice-rock the quench'd lightning
hisses; —

Bid me with forceless grasp seize thy steed's
rein —

Feel thee rent from me — feel another save
thee —

While o'er my trampled form thy pages trod,
And, passing, laugh'd at the loath'd lump they
spurn'd;

Scorn'd, strengthless, beautyless — all, all but
loveless! —

Bid me do aught but leave thee in thy scorn —

Bid me do aught but seek that happy youth!

Uril. (with horror) Ah, wretch! thou didst
not save me — hence! begone!

My quivering flesh recoils when thou art near.

Why do I shudder at thee? what art thou,

Slave of my father, to Fredolfo's daughter?

Darest thou to breathe thy mad and horrid
passion? —

What, though my sire, in all but that most wise,

Makes pastime of thy doating loathsomeness,

What, though he chides me when I shrink from
thee —

Bert. Shrink from me — Ha! ha! ha!

Uril. Forbear! forbear!

Thy laugh is even more hideous than thy form!

Ah! curse me rather! from those leprous lips
Curses would sound like blessings!

Bert. (with bitter irony) Bless thee, then.
Now wilt thou hear me, lady?

Uril. Bless thy foes,
Not me, not me — thou thing of hideous form!
I loathe — I tremble at — I pity thee!

Bert. (approaching her, while she shrinks)
Loathe me, and tremble too — but, dare not
pity.

Wouldst thou a subject meet for pity know,—
A theme to melt thy gleaming eye of beauty
Like evening's quench'd star, shining through
its dew —
Pity — thy father! — *[Exit Berthold.*

Uril. Ha! what meant the slave?
There was a glare from his abhorred eye,—
A livid light, like that the thunder-cloud
Sheds o'er the pale and stilled earth beneath,
Before it bursts and blasts it!
Faintness and terror are upon me — O,
For the brave arm that saved me, to sustain me!
[She totters, through weakness.
(Adelmar enters, attended by Waldo, whom he
waves off, and advances slowly alone.)

(Gazing with doubt and amazement)
He comes! oh, God! it cannot, cannot be! —
And does he dare amid these walls to seek me?
For me he trembled — for himself he fears not.

(Rushing up to him.)

Away! away! thou must not enter here!

There is a voice from out these walls forbids
thee! —

My father hates thee, tracks thy hunted steps —
(*Relaxing from fear into tenderness, and falling
into his arms.*)

Adelmar, art thou here? — and was it thou?

Adel. Yes; Adelmar, the unowned, the wan-
derer,

The stranger — almost to himself unknown;
He, o'er whom midnight murder darkly watches,
He, who on unseen daggers plants his steps,
And tramples them to clasp thee: — Yes, I fol-
low'd thee

O'er the dark mountains — through the night I
follow'd; —

The spirits of the tempest raised their arms
To snatch thee, and I grappled with their
might, —

Wrestled with them in darkness, and o'ercame
them.

Bright star, emerging sole on my fate's black-
ness,

Shed thy last light on me! (*kneeling*) 'twill be
the last!

Uril. (*after a pause of agony*) It will — it
must! — Why does my father hate thee?
Away! — amid these hostile walls there is not
Safety for thee — though thou hast saved their
daughter.

Adel. Hate me! — I could to my forgiving
breast

Clasp — yea, weep o'er the man that hated me!
But, oh! thy father spurn'd me; when my
— glaive
Had smote the proudest helm that Altdorf
boasts,
When this young arm from practised chiefs in
tourney
Had rent its pledge, to lay it at thy feet—
Thou, thou Urilda, on my glowing brow
Would'st then have placed the wreath my toils
had won.—
I saw thine eye's young gleam, and felt the
lance
Was easier baffled than its wound of light;
I saw thy cheek of rose, and felt the frown
Of death-arm'd brows less awful than thy blush!
I saw the trembling of thy hand of snow,
And felt the grappling of an armed gauntlet
Was pastime to that touch which made me
tremble!
Then, then — thy father ———

Uril. (rushing to him, and placing her hand on his lips.) Hush! he is my father!

Adel. (throwing her off) He spurn'd me, tore
thee from me, bade thy hand
Bind round thy meanest groom the blushing
wreath,
Sooner than on that conqueror's brow — He
spurn'd me!

Uril. (weeping) Had he spurn'd me, I must
have loved him still —

But thou, to whom his daughter's tears are triumphs,

If that her agony no pity moves, —

Though thou dost outrage nature, honour, virtue ; —

Revere the name his country's sons revere, —

Fredolfo's name ! (*in a tone of command.*)

Adel. (*solemnly.*) I am the child of woe,
Of persecution, and of mystery ;

Fredolfo's name — the name his country worships —

Rung in my infant dreams. — I was a boy,

Wild and imaginative, full of thoughts

That mountain-spirits to their children whisper,

I might have been a hero !

Uril. Might have been ! Thou art !

Adel. I should have been, but for thy father !

A peasant child, amid the mountain steeps,

St. Gothard's heights I wander'd — the storm's shrieks

I heard, and echoed in wild fearless mirth,

Like children, who in awful ignorance sport ; —

There came another shriek, — a shriek of murder ! [*Urilda shudders.*]

Uril. (*Starting and agitated.*) Murder ! but, then, my father was not there, —

Or was there — but to save ?

Adel. I will not speak —

Dark thoughts come thronging with that night's remembrance.

Twice, twice, with horrible strength the voice
shrieked murder!

I flew in madness there.—Amid the night
Darkly I grappled with two shadowy forms,
Beneath whose gripe a struggling warrior heaved,
Then lay a corse. — I had no arms. —

Uril. No arms?

Could'st thou not kneel to them, and weep, and
pray?

I would, had I been there; I would have clasp'd
That dying man in my young pleading arms,
And held them up for weapons of defence!
Oh! that I had been there—he had not perish'd!

Adel. They stabb'd me — On my breast the
scar remains!

I knelt in blood beside the corse all night,
My living blood with the pale corse's mingling. —

Uril. Oh! that my father had beheld thee
then!

So young, so brave, so piteous, —as a child
He must have loved thee.

Adel. Hath he loved me since?

Time pass'd as in a dream, and oft I thought
That the dead warrior in his mountain grave
Slept unremember'd — then, by ruffian hands
Dragg'd from my hut, all tremblingly, I follow'd —

Far in a sea-toss'd bark the ruffians bore me;—
A voice was in the wind, that swell'd the sails,—

That charm'd them ne'er to let their freight
return!

Uril. A voice! — what voice?

Adel. I know not; — but I cried,
Who tears a freeman from his mountain-
home?

Who rends the child his country cannot spare
From her spread arms? The answer was, —
Fredolfo!

Uril. (*Shrieking with amazement.*) Impossible!

Adel. I cried, 'impossible.'
Years, mournful years, in a strange land were
wasted, —

Wasted to me — the land was beautiful —
Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,
And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles;
But, when I heard my country's music breathe,
I sigh'd to be among her wilds again!

I climb'd a bark's tall side — an arm grasp'd
mine —

Struggling, I turn'd, and ask'd who dared with-
hold me?

A dark-eyed ruffian answer'd, — 'twas Fredolfo!

Uril. (*Bursting into vehemence.*)

It was a villain, liar, fiend, that mock'd thee! —
My father rend a child of Switzerland
From the dear mountains mountain-children
love?

My father snatch thee from the bark, that bore
Thy steps to seek the bosom of thy home!

Away! — in absence, I may try to hate thee.

Adel. (Kneeling.) Oh! spurn me, curse me,
but thou shalt not hate me!

“O’er my wild life of mystery and woe,

“A darkly gather’d cloud, one fair beam
broke!

“O, close not up its light,—it is thine image!

“Still let it tremble o’er my stormy fate,

“Calming the wave it lights with short bright
lustre.”

A wanderer,—banish’d, outlaw’d by thy father,

Let me upon the desert shores of life

Pause, to unlock the casket of my soul,

And gaze upon thy bright and treasured smile,

The only gem this lonely heart can boast of:—

Smile on my parting steps, and I am blest,

Though they to ruin tread!

Uril. [softened] O! not to ruin!

In other lands thy valour shall be known;

In other lands some happier beauty bless thee.

Wilt thou, when brighter roses bloom around

thee,

Think of the bud that wither’d in its wilds?

Wilt thou, where balmier lips their nectar

shed,

Think still of parting passion’s last cold kiss?

[Sinks into his arms.

(Confused noise within, and servants rush across
the stage with torches.)

Starting from the arms of Adelmara, and address-
ing the servants who hurry past her.

Where dost thou rush in this wild speed of fear?

1st *Serv.* Our lord!—our lord! the storm! he
perishes!—

He meets the might of the dark hour alone!—
His frightened train have left him in the vale.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

*Urilda grasps Waldo, who is rushing out with
the rest, and detains him.*

Uril. Speak! tell, where art thou rushing?

Wal. Askest thou where,
Hearing the wrath of this most awful night?
To save my lord, thy father! Know'st thou
not,

St. Gothard's monks, upon their ice-crown'd
towers,

Prepare to sound that sole and terrible bell,
That tells the traveller's danger?

Uril. 'Traveller's danger!'
It is my father's—speak'st thou so of him?
And stand I here, and with a daughter's heart,
To list the bell that tolls my father's fate?
[*To Adelmarr*] Away, and save him, or I am
not saved!

Adel. [*Clasping her to his heart*] Yes, thou
art saved.

Uril. [*Starting from him.*] Saved, while my
father perishes?

*The bells of St. Gothard's Monastery peal out—
The storm increases, and lightning flashes
through the casements.*

Uril. Hark! hark! it strikes upon my brain!
[*Adelmarr kneels to her.*

Away! thou mock'st me with false homage!
hence!

I spurn the life thou gavest—my father perishes!

[*Bell tolls again.*]

Answer not me—

Thine arm is strong—Oh! save him! [*kneeling.*]

Adel. [*Pausing.*] One word—one look,
Urilda!

Uril. Yes, this word,—
This look—an agonizing daughter's look,—
Whose eye hath speech, though her voice
faileth—thus—

[*Falls at his feet.*]

Adel. I fly to save the life, that lives to blast
me! [*Exit Adelmar.*]

(*The storm increases.*)

Uril. (*Clinging to Waldo.*) “Oh, hold me!
let me grasp thee in my terrors!
“For fearfulness is on me—’tis a night
“Of perils, horrors, and of many deaths!
“I fix mine eye on the dark floor, but there
“The lightnings flash in many a horrid curve;
“I close mine eyes—the lightning glares
through them!
“My father! Heaven have mercy on my father!

[*Sinking from Waldo's arms to the ground.*]

“*Wal.* Peace, peace, sad lady, peace!

“*Uril.* What tell'st thou me of peace, when
Heaven is warring?

“ (*Kneeling.*) Ye wing’d and viewless couriers
of his march,

“ Whose chariot is the whirlwind,—whose dark
forms

“ Unseen, we hear the rushing of your pi-
nions,

“ I kneel not to you in my heart’s strong ter-
rors —

“ I kneel to Him, whose arm hath power o’er
yours —

“ Hear me! I bend in agony — Oh, hear,

“ Great God of nature! List to nature’s voice!

“ A daughter’s voice! hold back thy hand, nor
dart

“ Thy swift and perilous lightnings on that
head —

“ Spare him! — A world of crime and woe de-
mands thee!

(The storm increases.)

“ (*Rises in terror.*) The deep and swelling thun-
ders answer me —

“ Th’ unnatural glare of the lightnings, horrid
noon,

“ Making a sunless day — He perishes!

“ And I—I linger here — his daughter lingers!

[Rushing out.]

“ *Wal.* (*detaining her.*) Where wouldst thou
rush?

“ *Uril.* (*wildly.*) Where the tempest raves,

“ To bare my bosom to the forked lightnings!

“To shriek in tones that will appal the thunder!

“To yell in nature’s ears a daughter’s prayer!

“*Wal. (Holding her.)* Thou, thou, who trembled at the lightnings’ flash?

“*Uril. (Bursting from him.)* I was a woman. Now I am a daughter!

“Why should I fear this battle of the clouds?

“I could thy bosom pierce to save my father.

[*She rushes out—Waldo following.*]

SCENE II.

The Mountains of St. Gothard, in the neighbourhood of the Castle—A tremendous storm—The scene partially illuminated by flashes of lightning—Fredolfo’s attendants are seen hurrying among the wild passes of the Mountains—A distant view of the Monastery of St. Gothard—The bell pealing at intervals—Two attendants of Fredolfo are seen indistinctly among the Cliffs.

1st Atten. Where is thy lord?

2d Atten. Nay, ask that fearful bell!

Why didst thou leave him? Hush! nor answer me—

I hear a horn, ’tis breathing from the vale—

In the deep pausings of the storm I hear it—

Hark! Hark!

1st Atten. It is a stranger’s horn that sounds—

That stranger-youth, who cross'd us in our journey!

See! see! he totters o'er that gulf of death —
He plunges in—lost youth, he perishes!

[*Exeunt.*

A tremendous chasm among the rocks.—Adelmar is seen extricating Fredolfo, who leans on him exhausted—Adelmar leads him forward slowly —The stage very dark.

Fred. (without looking up.)

What hand hath snatch'd me from my cavern-tomb?

Is it a mortal arm on which I lean,
Whose power hath burst my bond of adamant?

“The grave had closed upon me — o'er my head

“The meeting rocks form'd an eternal barrier —

“Nature's stupendous keep — whose shackles are

“The ribbed rocks — whose vault the hollowed mountain;” —

[*shudders.*

Within a lightless dungeon pent to perish,
Which mortal hand nor framed nor penetrates, —

Below the human ear, the human tread —
The baffled eagle scream'd as far he flew —
The tempest's voice, — a fearful whisper there,
It had been bliss to hear it roar in freedom! —
There was a viewless stream beside my foot,

Whose waves no light, whose lapse no echo
knew : —

— [*recovering the sense of his situation.*
Speak to me, stranger, — thy brave hand feels
cold !

Tell me whose name I am to bless ?

Adel. Bless heaven !

I am a wretched mortal ! fare thee well !

Thy train approach, I leave thee to their care.

(*Torches at a distance.*)

Fred. (*holding him.*) Thou shalt not leave
me !

Bear torches here, I must behold the man
Who trembles less at peril than at praise.

Adel. (*struggling with him.*)

Hold ! know'st thou not with whom thou darkly
strugglest ?

Release me, let me hide from thee for ever !

(*Fredolfo detains him.*)

Swear then, whatever form the light disclose,
Thou wilt not.—Ha ! the torches glare ! behold
me !

[*The servants enter with torches—Adelmar flings
back his mantle, and gazes on Fredolfo ; after
a moment's pause of recognition, Fredolfo's
countenance assumes the wildest expression of
rage and horror.*

Fred. Ha ! Thou,—thou here ! the dæmon
sworn to blast me !

I rush to hide me 'mid the peopled city, —

He haunts me in the streets! — I fly to the
mountains, —

His hand hath power to reach me in their dark-
ness!

Come, bear me in thy talon'd gripe to torture,
Let us lie down on beds of fire together,

And wallow in fierce ease, — that I may feel

I have no more to fear! [*Sinks down.*]

Wal. What means my lord?

Fred. (*starting up.*) Slaves! seize him! drag
him to your darkest dungeons!

Heap mountains on him, bury him i'the centre,
Where light can never pierce.

Adel. (*struggling with the attendants.*)

Men! hear me plead,

Murder not him, whose arm hath saved your
master!

[*They grapple with him, and get him on his
knees—Fredolfo draws his dagger, and rushes
towards him, when Urilda entering, flings her-
self between them.*]

Uril. Spare him! Oh spare! it is your
daughter kneels.

Fred. Off, frantic wretch! — Know'st thou
for whom thou plead'st?

Uril. (*in agony.*) He saved your life!

Fred. Saved it, — to curse, to blight it!
Off,—or I curse thee too!

Uril. (*Flinging her arms round Adelmar, and
protecting him.*)

Curse me, — but spare him!

Fred. (Writhing on seeing her in his arms.)
Lock'd in his arms before my withering sight!
Then, hear me — Thou hast drawn the thunder
 down,
And may it fall and crush thee! Ye dark
 spirits,
“ Who quit your homes to range with horrid
 joy
“ The deeper hell of man's changed soul within
 him,”
Who prompt the parent's trembling tongue with
 curses,
Who goad the female heart with brandish'd
 scorpions,
Steep mine in your black venom, — from its
 core
Pluck nature's up-torn roots to the last fibre,
Though its strings sever too — while o'er the
 head
Of her, who was my child —

[*Urilda, who has been listening with horror, releases Adelmar, and falls on the earth at his feet.*

Uril. Oh, mercy! mercy!

[*The curtain falls.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Gothic Gallery in the Castle of Fredolfo — Fredolfo and Berthold discovered — Fredolfo seated, and much exhausted — Berthold standing by him, and watching him with malignant delight.

Fred. (after a pause.) Ay, — thus it must be
— this is meet and fitting. —

A woman's shrieks must be as music to me, —
Her agony's clasp I must like trophies sport
with,

Must watch her writhings with an eye of stone,
And bid my slaves, who shudder at their task,
“Untwine that worm, and fling it far from
me.”

It was my child, my fond and lovely child —
My child whom I should love — whom I have
loved —

Whom I do love with all a father's yearn-
ings; —

And her I spurn'd — Right — I shall be in time
A fine accomplish'd villain, rude and ruthless!

[turning to Berthold.
What scowl'st thou on, with thy portentous
smile,

Passing like lightning, o'er thy stormy visage?
It is some evil, or thou couldst not smile!

Bert. (*with bitter irony.*)

I mark with awe the patriot's private moments;
These are thy triumphs, Virtue, view, and
boast them! [*suddenly changing.*

Oh! what a fool is the brute multitude,
To shout "a God!" before this hollow image!
Ha! ha! ha! things are well balanced here; —
The evening's groan repays the morning's boast.
Vice were too humble, but for scenes like these,
And hopeless Villainy, lacking such solace,
Would turn an anchorite for very sadness!

Fred. Thou tool of wrath, which, while I
grasp, I shudder,
Though one wild moment's sudden agony
Made me a fiend, I am a man again.—
I would not harm that youth for many worlds;
Go, and release the prisoner.

Bert. (*Drawing his dagger, and pointing to it
with significant gesture.*)

Thus, perchance? —

Fred. (*Giving him a key.*)
No, villain, thus — bid him be free, and live!
Bid him, if possible, forget — if not,
Let him revenge — I'm weary of the struggle!

Bert. Thou weak of purpose, whom the tool
thou scorn'st
Scorns in its turn, in soul, if not in tongue, —
With keen and breathless speed thy rage hath
chased

This youth from shore to shore — The chase
is o'er, —
He pants i'th' toils, he gasps beneath thy fangs —
And now thou say'st, "Go, set the prisoner
free."

Success in crime makes men half deem it
virtue, —

Thy weak and partial virtue's half a crime! —

[*Seeing Fredolfo moved, he urges him more strongly.*]

'Tis but a blow! he is unarm'd and helpless, —
Even this weak frame might do the work upon
him,

Grasp his white neck with these lean bony fin-
gers, —

Plant this distorted knee upon his breast, —
There, like the night-fiend, sit in grinning
triumph,

And watch the gasp, and drink the death-
choked howl!

Fred. (struck with horror.)

Away! begone! and for thy bitterest penance,
Incarnate devil, do one deed of goodness!

Bert. (absorbed in malignity, and not heeding him.) I could, such is my heart's o'erflowing
spleen

To all that loved, and lovely are — methinks,
I could, even with a look, — as thus — dart
— through him

The basilisk's eye-fang — dying on the throe!

Fred. (*Incensed beyond patience, and going up to him fiercely, then recollecting himself.*)

Slave — but I am thy slave — hence, hence,
I say! —

And move me not to do thee some fell outrage.

Bert. (*going reluctantly, then returning with a sneer.*) Would'st thou not do the gentle deed thyself?

Fred. (*stamping furiously.*) Hence! hence!

[*Exit Berthold.*

— (*with much agitation.*)

I am enthrall'd to one, who wreaks on me

A dæmon's mockery, and a dæmon's malice.—

“Faith, gratitude are gone; gone is the tie

“That darkly binds the guilty to the guilty —

“The iron chain they can nor break nor gild;

“The fearful sympathy of minds unblest

“Communing in the darkness of their purposes.”

The power to torture is the link that binds
him, —

Faithful, — but not for me — he's sternly faithful

To the fix'd malice of his hellish nature; —

He goads — he lashes me, then checks at will

My tortured speed, to urge the lash again.

Why does he linger thus? — What, if he dare —

I'll go myself, — with my own hands release

him. — [*retreating with great horror.*

His memory hath slumber'd from a boy, —

But, quicken'd by his wrongs, it may revive; —

Oh! on the mind of man, by many feelings

And varying interests cross'd, the effaced traces
Of memory shift, as time's wave washes them ;
But childhood, on its single, first impression
Dwells with fond strength, though all its powers
be—pain !

I dare not see him—on my mortal foe
Be my front bent—but not on him I've injured.

*Berthold enters slowly, approaches, and stands
beside him.*

Bert. 'Tis done !

Fred. (*starting*) What's done ? there is some
evil done :

Whene'er I hear thy step—I feel a shudder ;
Whene'er I hear thy voice—I fear a crime.

Bert. What thou'dst have done—set free
thine enemy,

To tell his tale of horror through the world.
Like a slipp'd beagle from the leash he sprung,
To bay with deep-mouth'd yell thy infamy,
'Till the roused welkin answer him again,
And all the hunter's spears are turn'd on thee.

Fred. (*after a long pause*) He knows it not—
'Twas night—He was a child—(*a pause.*)
“ Years, years have pass'd—the thought could
haunt me only

“ In the dark wilds of guilt, where all is fear.”

Bert. If 'tis unknown, what shakes Fredolfo's
soul ?

Fred. (*with a burst of agony*)
I know it—I—Fredolfo knows it all !

Assembled worlds are dumb when conscience
speaks ;
The thunder sleeps, the lightning's glance is
mark'd not ;—
The single criminal, the silent judge,
Are all creation's infinite range contains.
There needs no mortal witness in that court,
“ No eye that watches, and no tongue that
speaks ;
“ To him that writhes in guilt's fine sense of
torment
“ The breeze, the dew, the fugitive clouds of
heaven,
“ Memorials traced with pen of iron bear ;
“ All earth is conscious, and all air is voice,
“ Quick with one feeling, vocal with one sound.”
His look of innocence is hateful to me.
What must I feel, then, when I gaze on thee?
Thou dream of fear embodied — guilt's fell
haunter —
Thou night-mare of the oppressed sight, on
whom
Deformity ran wanton !— Yes, she snatch'd
The page where Nature would have written
man,
And madly scrawl'd it with a pictured devil !
The view of Adelmarr recalls my crime —
The sight of thee inflicts my punishment !

Bert. If that my presence be so odious to
thee,
Give me a gift of price, and let me part.

Fred. Thou know'st my fallen state — but
thou'lt rejoice, (*he pauses.*)
To save my child from Wallenberg's fell love
I have resign'd mine office in the state,
Hiding my head beneath this roof of horrors.
No hoarded gold, no gem of price is mine —
Yet, take the ancient jewels of mine house,
Clasp from my robe, and signet from my hand,
So thou wilt part!

Bert. I covet not thy gold — thou hast a
daughter!

Fred. (*waking, as from a dream, and going up
to him*) I did not hear thee, sure!

Bert. (*viewing him calmly*)
Thou hast a daughter!
The maiden is right scornful — but she's du-
teous;

Her smiles will follow where her father points.

Fred. (*rushing at him furiously*)
Slave — damned wretch, and slave!

Bert. (*repelling him fiercely*)
Patience, proud lord!
Not one step farther, or thou'lt wake a fiend —
Mine arm is pithless, but my will is strong!

(*Fredolfo stands gasping.*)
Thou slave, who fear'st thy slave, thou wretch,
more wretched
Than him thy pride would spurn, and spurning,
rouse,
Stand where thou art, and stand without a
murmur,

Bent brow, or writhen lip, or eye that curses,
Or with a word, I strike thee—worse than dead!

(Pointing to him bitterly.)

Is that the patriot—hero—god—Fredolfo?

Methinks he waxeth pale—the idol nods—

He totters on his pedestal—he falls!

Ha, ha, ha!—falls at his vassal's feet!

Fred. (sinking on his knees with terrible agitation) Shriek through the public streets, I am a
murderer:

Seize on my throat, and drag me forth to justice—

But do not—no—thou dar'st not think of her!

Bert. I dare not! O, thou know'st not what
I dare.

What dares not he whom nature's self hath
cursed,

And who retorts her curse upon her minions;

Blasts beauty, scoffs at truth, makes mock at
agony,

And laughs and tramples 'mid the wreck he
wrought?

Fred. Torture me—trample on me—spare my
child!—

Thou must have pity on a father's agony,

Albeit no child hath ever called thee father;

Revel, thou fiend, in my lost paradise,

But spare the flower I loved before I fell!

Bert. (significantly, and going) You trust me
with your life, but not your daughter.

Fred. (in terror) My life! my life!—

Bert. (with sternness) Fredolfo, come to judgment!

The summoner's voice hath call'd—the judges tremble—

Who is the murderer?

Fred. (seizing him furiously)

Villain, here he stands;—
He grasps thy throat!

Bert. (struggling) Another murder! well—

Fred. (shuddering) Murder!—no, wretch,
vile as thou art, the dungeon—

Struggle not—shriek not—(*drawing him off.*)

Bert. Help, ho! help for life! [*They struggle.*
(*A horn sounds without, then a burst of martial music.*)

Fred. Whence was that blast?

Waldo and attendants enter in haste.

Wal. My lord, my lord! the governor Wallenberg,
All by an arm'd and gallant train attended,
Stands at the castle-gate.

Fred. (with great terror) Count Wallenberg!
What means this visit? Wallenberg!—admit him!
(*much agitation.*)

Why gaze ye on me thus? Begone! admit him!

[*Exeunt Waldo and attendants.*

He must not see me thus!—Oh! shame, and horror!

Let me wipe off the death-damps from my brow—

(Turning to Berthold.)

Villain! remember, if again—No more!

Enter Wallenberg, attended by a splendid train, his air haughty and contemptuous. Through the whole of the scene Fredolfo resumes and retains his dignity. Berthold, when Fredolfo turns from him, follows him with a look of diabolical malignity.

Wall. Hail to Fredolfo! With a friend's free
boldness

We press upon his midnight solitude
To claim a welcome.

Fred. *(very coldly)* Sir, you honour me;
'Tis honour all unmeet for this poor roof,
To house such lordly guest as Wallenberg.

Wall. *(with irony)*
Lightly I hold such heartless festalry;
Give me a courtly, friendly host like thee;
The long and eager clasp of outstretch'd hands;
(A pause—keener irony.)

Such welcome as Fredolfo's greeting gives;
Such smile as hovers on Fredolfo's lips!

(Exulting in Fredolfo's emotion.)
Give me thy hand—in faith I love thee much!

Fred. Not from unbidden guest can I with-
hold it.

There, sir!

[Gives his hand, with reluctant dignity.]

Wall. *(looking round him)*
In sooth, my lord Fredolfo,

Your fancy boasts a nice and curious taste,
To fly the ample, cheerful domes of Altdorf,
And on St. Gothard's wild and naked peak
To battle with the eagle for his eyry,
And wrest your rude meal from the famish'd
wolf!

(Looking round him with increasing scorn.)

A mansion rear'd to spite the elements,
To struggle with the storm for doubtful safety,
And hold its trembling tenure from the blast.

Fred. It hath a charm the stranger knoweth
not:—

It is the dwelling of mine ancestry;
There is an inspiration in its shade;
The echoes of its vaults are eloquent,—
They speak of the glorious dead!

Its tenants are not human—they are more!
The stones have voices, and the walls do
live:—

It is the house of memories, dearly honour'd
By many a trace of long departed glory;
Honour'd by dead and living—honour'd most

(with dignified contempt)

By Wallenberg's light scorn, and scorned light-
ness!

Wall. Nay, nay, be not thus moody, aged
lord—

In faith, I scorn to chafe plebeian pride.—
Ay, struggle as thou wilt through storm and
darkness,

Feed, worm-like, on thy legendary parchments,

Watch cobwebs grow, and cherish the pale mildew—

But thou hast a fair daughter—

Fred. (after a struggle) Sir! — proceed.

Wall. And must that lovely lady linger here,
Shedding her pined beauties on the waste,
Like flower, that in the dark vale dies for woe,
At seeing not the sun? It must not be!
I'll lead her to the city's gay resort,
Where noble knights and courtly ladies be,
And high-plumed gallants in their bravery!
And gems, and torches bright, and ladies' eyes,
Shed luxury of light, and teach cold maids
Mildly to listen to the tale of love.

Fred. (struggling with emotion, then calm)
Count Wallenberg! — this roof is your protection.

Wall. I read the language of that flashing eye,
And could defy it—But, by Heaven you wrong me!

I gazed upon the maid with lawless love;
But my loose days of dalliance are gone by.
Fredolfo, hear me! — Friend, or foe, I reckon not —

Spite of the pride that burns upon my cheek,
Spite of the blood, whose cold recoiling drops
Refuse to flow ere they would mix with thine;
Spite of our nations, natures, hearts averse,
Of all that makes me shudder while I sue,—
I claim thy daughter's hand!

Fred. My daughter's hand!

Ho! call my daughter hither—Wallenberg,
I answer not—herself shall answer thee!

[*Looking off the stage.*

My daughter waits you, count, and speed your
wooing! [Retires.

Wall. (watching her approach)

She comes with all that shrinking bashfulness,
The eloquence of motion,—mute, but felt.
The air around her breathes of purity;
And, as she moves, her equal tread's fine im-
pulse

Falls on the ear like harmony;—the light
That gleams on her fair locks and slender form
Crowns them with hallowed glory, like some
vision

To saintly eyes reveal'd!—She is a thing
To knee and worship. Beauty hath no lustre,
Save when it gleameth through the crystal web
That Purity's fine fingers weave for it;
And then it shows like Venus from the wave,
The fresh drops clinging to her beauty still!

Urilda enters.

Lady, your fair hand!—suffer me to press
Love's true kiss on it—paying with glad lips
The debt that lovers to their ladies owe.

Uril. (very coldly)

My lord, your presence in my father's halls
Warrants a gentle maiden's courtesy;
As such, I pray, accept this meet obeisance.

Wall. I am not wont to woo in suppliant strain,
Nor form'd to languish at a lady's feet,
In such sad guise as smooth-cheek'd striplings
use ;

I woo thee like a man:—I love thee, lady !
Start not, nor tremble ;
Thou, only, could'st subdue a soul like mine—
A soul that, even in softness, half regrets
Its former liberty, and scorns its weakness :
My vanquish'd pride 's a victim to my heart,—
The proud reluctant slave is worth the conqueror.

Uril. My lord, perchance a harder task remains,
To conquer mine — My father, speak for me !

[*Turning away.*

Fred. (Coldly.) Urilda, speak thyself—thy
father's presence
Gives thee protection, but suspends control.
Banish the tremblings of thy maiden coyness,
Answer, my child, this noble, courteous wooer.

Uril. (Advancing.) Then, thus:—Around my
shrunk and faded form
Wrap the dim veil that mortal touch withdraws
not ; —

“ Fold me in the pale votarist's vestal's stole,—

“ Ay, — in the mendicant's foul weeds of
wretchedness ; —

“ Ay, — in the earthy and worm-dropping
shroud ; ” —

Before ye deck me in the bridal robe,
And place my wedded hand in Wallenberg's.

[Falls into her father's arms.]

Wall. Am I awake! — and does a rustic girl,
The low-descended daughter of scorn'd peasants

With blood no richer than the mountain stream,
Spurn the proud hand outstretch'd to raise her?
Thou toy, whom in mine hour of fond insanity
Madly I prized, I fling thy lightness from me,
As the heal'd maniac, glancing round his cell,
Scoffs at the straw his dream of frenzy gilded! —
Oh! that I could from my dishonour'd life
Pluck this foul night of shame! Mark me, proud
girl!

Thy folly's penance shall o'erpay thy lover's. —
I loathe the hour of weakness when I knelt;
But thou shalt curse the hour I knelt in vain!

Fred. (Incensed.) Count Wallenberg! —

Uril. My father — Oh, my father!
I had not thought to speak, but this proud insult

Unchains the maiden shame that binds my
tongue.

I *am* a mountain-girl, in whose free veins
Rolls the rich blood of heroes! Men, who,
scorning

To rule their country, only sought to bless it!
The spirits of the great are strong within me,
They prompt me now, — they urge my trembling
tongue

To tell thee, that this weak and female hand,
Ere it clasp one red with my country's blood,
Would clutch with eager hold Death's bony
fingers;
And this proud heart, big with its country's
feeling,
Would burst this cincture, ere its throbbings
press'd
Against a bosom swelling with fell purposes. —
My father's foe, — my country's, — and my
God's!

No, Wallenberg! — no, Austrian! — never! —
never! —

“Seek thou thy mate amid proud Austria's
dames,

“The daughter of the mountains spurns thy
hand.”

[*Sinks into her father's arms.*

Fred. Thou art my daughter — never loved
as now —

Thou mountain-maid, — thou child of liberty!
Urilda! Well from Uri's height I named thee,
Free as its breezes, — purer than its snows! —

[*A pause.*

Count Wallenberg, you have my daughter's an-
swer.

Wall. (Furiously.) Away! — my train, — my
steed! — away this hour!

[*Coming up to Urilda, with irony.*

Grieve not for my departure, gentle maid;
I shall return again, — return full soon,

But, not as wooers come. — My lord Fredolfo,
I thank you for your splendid, noble courtesy,
And thus I pledge my hand, and pledge my
soul,
My foot shall pause not, nor my thoughts have
rest,
Nor mine eyes close, nor my dry lip taste food,
Till with all implements of furious will,
Intensest wit, deadly, heart-nested vengeance,
And zeal of hate, I've wrought you full repay-
ment.

Fred. (Retiring calmly.) Rail to the winds,
chafed lord, — they *may* regard thee.
Look up, Urilda ; tremble not, my child !

Wall. Hell and its furies burn within me !

[Draws his sword, and rushes at Fredolfo.]

Urilda screams, and darts between them.

Uril. Ah !

*[Fredolfo's attendants gather round — a tu-
mult — Wallenberg disarmed.]*

Fred. (Calmly.) Give him his sword again —
let fall your weapons !

By heaven, I smite to earth the arm that's
raised —

He is beneath my roof. Throw wide the gates.
Count Wallenberg, you may depart in safety.

*[Exit, leading out Urilda, who sinks on him,
exhausted.]*

Wall. Hence ! let me plunge into the night's
thick gloom,
Pierce the dark forest, — in the cavern hide me,

If that their darkness may conceal my shame.

[*Rushing out; he is detained by Berthold, who clings to him.*]

Bert. One moment, noble Wallenberg, one moment!

Wall. What worm art thou, that twin'st around my knees?

Hence! or I spurn thee!

Bert. Spurn me not, dread lord,—
I am a worm, whose sting can pierce—Fredolfo.

(*More eagerly, as Wallenberg listens.*)

There is a deed, untold to mortal ear,
There is a thing, unthought by mortal minds,—
A thing of guilt, of horror, and of shame,
And him that wrought it only Berthold knows!

Wall. There is a glowing malice in thy visage,—

There is a kindling devil in thine eye,—
Go on — I do believe thee — tell thy tale.

Bert. Secure my life — I am Fredolfo's vassal —

Secure my safety first!

Wall. His vassal, say'st thou?

If thou can'st evil of Fredolfo tell,
I will unto my breast, with friendly clasp,
Hug thy deformity; — thou shalt be great,
Be robed in silk, and lodged in palaces —
Beauty shall smile on thee, and thou on high
Shalt stand among the nobles of the land,
So thou wilt show but evil of Fredolfo!

Bert. I ask not that — I ask a lighter boon.

Wall. Ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee!

(*Berthold approaching very slowly, and whispering.*)

Bert. Thy father perish'd by a hand unknown,

But not to all.

Wall. My father — perished! speak!

Bert. (*Whispering.*) The brand that pierced the breast of Wallenberg Hung in the sheath of — Ha!

Enter Fredolfo.

Fred. (*With calm dignity.*) Count Wallenberg,

I had forgot the duties of a host; —

O'er the wild mazes of our mountain tracks

Ten of my boldest vassals shall conduct you. —

Depart in safety, guided by the care

Of him against whose breast your arm was raised.

Wall. (*With irony.*)

Most generous, noble host; I shall depart,

And take with me a sure and faithful guide,

Who will my swift and ready steps conduct

Through mazes darker than your mountain-tracks. —

(*Suddenly advancing, and with emphasis.*)

I claim your vassal, Berthold, for my guide!

Fred. (*Horror struck.*) Ha!

Bert. (*Going up to him with a sneer.*)

Farewell, my lord—your duteous vassal leaves you. [A pause.

[*Fredolfo recovers, and gives his hand to him with a mixed emotion, arising from a wish to conceal his agitation from Wallenberg, and a faint hope to excite compassion in Berthold.*

Fred. (*Slowly.*) Farewell.

Wall. (*Significantly.*) Farewell, my lord Fredolfo!

Ho! Berthold, — follow me!

[*As they go out, Fredolfo, losing all self-command, rushes after Berthold with a wild attempt; Berthold gives him a look of malignity; Wallenberg turns on him, with affected surprise, mixed with disdain; Fredolfo, in an agony, throws himself into the arms of his own attendants.*

Fred. Lost! lost! Oh God, for ever!

(*He is conveyed off.*)

[*Exeunt Wallenberg and Berthold, triumphantly.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A wild Forest Scene : Fredolfo's Castle and St. Gothard in the back ground. Time, evening. Fredolfo enters, lost in meditation ; he is silent for some time, then starts on looking round him and discovering where he is.

Fred. Where am I now ? — Where have my wanderings led me ?

It is the scene ! — that bare and blasted pine —

It is the hour ! — that pale and stormy twilight —

It is the spot ! — I yet could count the blood-drops. —

(Staggering with horror, as he traces every distinct spot.)

Here long he strove, — and still I grappled with him, —

And here I fell with him, — in horror roll'd ; —

Here his strong foot-stamps tore the bloody earth up !

Here the trail'd corse track'd every step with gore, —

The demon, Berthold, grinning at his burden !

And here — Hark ! hark ! — a voice — a step —
a spy ! —

Waldo enters, and Fredolfo turns on him very sternly.

“ *Fred.* What makes thee wandering here so late ?

“ *Wal.* I sought you.

“ *Fred.* Sought me, and wherefore, sir ? am I that thing

“ My slaves must watch, and say ‘ ’tis vesper time,

“ And you must hie you home ? ’ — what is’t to thee

“ If here I linger’d seeking home no more ? —

“ *Wal.* Oh quit, my lord, this lonely fearful place !

“ *Fred.* (*Starting.*) What is there in its gloom of loneliness,

“ That should suggest that wish ?

“ *Wal.* I know not, sir !

“ *Fred.* Nor I, — begone !

“ *Wal.* These lone and nightly walks

“ Do much impair your strength.

“ *Fred.* (*with gloomy carelessness.*) It is no matter.

“ *Wal.* Count Wallenberg —

“ *Fred.* Begone, or I shall hate thee ; name his name,

“ And the loud echo of these pines shall curse thee,

Being of mountains born — away, begone! —
Let the dew fall, or let the tempest rave,
To me it recks not. Slave! must I bid twice?

Fred. (Alone, looking after Waldo.)

He knows it — yes, he knows it! — 'tis no mat-
ter —

The world must know it. — Berthold — ay —
his image

Darts like an adder in my mental path,
Where'er I turn my thoughts. — Years, years,
have fled, —

The deed is dead — the slumbering world for-
gets —

The tide of time sweeps by, and in its murmurs
Has drown'd suspicion's whisper. — All is safe —
But Berthold lives in vivid consciousness,
The wakeful demon of the buried secret,
Watching the hour when vengeance reads the
spell :

He lives — he knows — he hates — and he be-
trays!

“ Fiend form'd in wrath to urge and lash the
crime!

“ I saw the burning malice of thy glance,

“ I saw the hellish menace of thy scowl,

“ I felt the thunder of thy parting tread,

“ That parting told of meeting soon — and ter-
rible!”

*(Pausing and looking round. A burst of mili-
tary music.)*

(*With great horror.*) Wherefore is this? if it be
Wallenberg —
If? — if? — there is nor doubt, nor hope—'tis
he!

Enter Berthold.

Bert. (Sneeringly.) Hail, noble sir! — my lord,
Count Wallenberg,
Would crave a moment's audience of your lei-
sure,
On matters that concern the state's behoof.

*Fred. (Beginning the speech with assumed dig-
nity, and then losing all self-command.)*
Say to your lord—no matter—go, thou wretch!
I can bear aught but thy abhorred sight!

*Enter Wallenberg, Knights, and military
Attendants.*

Wall. (with irony throughout.) Once more a
late and uninvited guest,
I press upon Fredolfo's privacy; —
In faith, my lord, your ample, noble usage
Shames a way-worn and humble traveller; —
You scorn above your guests to spread a canopy
Less spacious than the heavens, or yield them
hangings
Less richly wrought than those pine-skirted
rocks. —

Berthold, thou know'st his mood—I pray thee,
tell him

That wandering knights his mountain-palace
seek

All in the twilight pale, and pray him dear,
For knighthood's sake, to do them courtesy.

*[A look of triumphant consciousness to pass
between Wallenberg and Berthold.]*

Bert. (*Approaching Fredolfo.*) My lord Fredolfo, you have heard my message;—
Throw wide your ample halls; within their range
There are strange objects of peculiar interest,
Which sure yon noble traveller fain would
see!

Fred. (*Turning on him.*) Sir—to your lord I
answer:—Wallenberg,
Your arm, last night, was raised against my
life;

If through yon gates, unshrinking, you can
pass—

If on my halls unblushing you can tread,
Enter;—but, to your proud luxurious train
My mountain-hut will prove a homely hostel.

Wall. We will not trespass on your bounty
yet;—

I would inhale this free and mountain air,
Whose impulse to the soaring soul doth lend
Pure inspiration,—'mid whose holy waftings
To breathe is to be virtuous!—O, my lord,
How sweet, while wandering 'mid these solemn
shades,

To commune with your clear and lofty spirit,—
What recollections follow you —

Fred. (Starting.) My lord! —

Wall. What high associations! — doubtless,
here,

From every pine a kindred spirit whispers,
And every turf you tread thrills as you touch it
With grateful memory of some glorious action.

Fred. Sir — of your praise I reckon not — my
fallen country,

Amid her ruins, may remember one
Whose single arm upheld the pile, and last,
Amid its shivering fragments, rear'd its strength,
Till nought was left to save! — Of your wild
words,

Or of their unsought meaning, sir, I am
Unheeding as unconscious!

Wall. Be not chafed!

Treat not thus roughly guests, who, all for
love,

Through the dim, perilous, and stormy eve,
Have breathless spurred to bear you joyful
tidings.

Fred. Tidings, my lord?

Wall. Yes, — tidings, honoured sir!
And glorious tidings for the patriot's ear,
When lurking crime is dragg'd from its foul
hold!

There are tidings, sir, in Altdorf — the proud
city

Is full of busy murmurs; — in her streets,

Men grasp each other's hands, as each had
found

Their heart's best wishes, —joying that the
search

Hath ceased—the man of blood at last is found!

Fred. (Trembling.) The man of blood is
found! —

Wall. My father's murderer,
Thou knowest, hath through long years been
vainly sought.

Fred. (Much agitated.) I must — I do re-
member very well—

Wall. The murderer of Wallenberg is traced—

[*Pauses long, fixing his eye on Fredolfo,
whose emotion is visible.*

The murderer of Wallenberg is known —

[*Again.*

The murderer of Wallenberg is seized! —

[*Rushes on him.*

Here, take him, guards, and drag him to your
dungeons!

[*Giving him to the guards.*

Fred. (Struggling.) This unsupported charge
—this lawless outrage —

Off, slaves! — Proud Austrian, at your peril be
it —

This matchless insult! — have I then no friend?

No brand of follower raised in my defence?

Beneath the shade of mine own native towers,

Like gyved felon, am I helpless dragg'd,

No arm to aid, no voice to plead for me? —

Bert. Let not my lord thus call for hopeless aid,
While Berthold's zealous duty waits unclaim'd!
Mine be the voice whose sounds shall whisper peace, —

Mine be the arm whose help is sure and speedy.

Wall. Away, thou gibing fiend, with thy vile mockery,

Crush not the fallen victim.— Murderer,
We bind the chain around thy doomed body,
And summon thee to meet thy mortal judgment!

Urilda rushes in.

Uril. (Shrieking.) Hold, hold, for mercy! 'tis his daughter kneels,

O, ye are human, though ye look not so!—
Wallenberg—and my father!—fettters! guards!
What is this fearful dream?

Wall. It is no dream—
Wake from thy trance of pride, vain girl, and know

I grasp the chain that drags him to the scaffold!

Fred. Why art thou here?

Uril. Dark men look sternly on thee,
Thy hands are bound—and dost thou ask thy child,

'Why art thou here!'

Wall. 'Twere well, fair maid, to spare
This lavish luxury of sorrowing beauty.—

Wring thy white hands before the judgment
seat ;

Spread thy bright locks like hovering angel's
plumes

When the axe trembles o'er thy father's head ;—

Perchance the hoary Syndics then may weep ;—

Perchance the headsman's quivering hand may
pause

Ere the blow falls upon that murderer's neck.—

Uril. Murderer ! — my father ! —

Villain ! and liar ! — O ! I feel unsex'd !

O, that this hand were in a gauntlet mail'd,

And I would fearless down thy slanderous
throat

Dash the foul falsehood. — Speak, my father,
speak !

O, the bright energy of conscious truth,

The pure clear light of thy most cloudless soul,

Will sink these baffled slaves to earth before
thee,

And turn this shame to worship. — Father,
speak !

Wall. Ay ! let him speak !

[They all gather round him—He stands paralyzed with horror among them.]

Bert. Speak, noble, injured lord,

And dart conviction on our dazzled souls !

Uril. Away ! ye harass him — he'll list to
me —

He doth not know your voices. — Father ! Fa-
ther !

One word,—those chains from your freed hands
shall fall, —

One word, — these slaves are prostrate at your
feet.

Speak! Speak! (*shrieking with agony.*)

Fred. Lead on!

[*Falls senseless in the arms of the Guard.*

Uril. (*struggling.*) Ye shall not tear him
from me! —

Stay!—he will speak anon—he is overpower'd!

[*She kneels between Wallenberg and Berthold,
supplicating them alternately, with desperate
and hopeless eagerness.*

Berthold! thou wast his vassal — plead for me!

Wallenberg!—thou didst woo me;—look on me!

None, none will hear me! — he, even he is deaf!

A dungeon — God! my father in a dungeon!

Drag — drag him there — but I must follow
him!

[*She is dragged off, clinging to Fredolfo, who re-
mains senseless.*

SCENE II.

*Altdorf; Picturesque buildings in the Gothic
style — The Prison in perspective — Austrian
Guards, repelling the Swiss who fill the streets
— Adelmarr in disguise among them.*

Swiss. (*To an Austrian, who is driving him
back.*) I pray thee now, good ruffian, spurn me
not!

I will stand here right patiently, to see
Mine ancient master to a prison borne,
And to mine home bear back a broken heart.

Adel. Who art thou that speakest kindly of
Fredolfo?

Swiss. And who art thou, that of a free-born
Swiss

Asks if he loves Fredolfo?

Adel. Can ye love him,
And see him clutch'd in their foul, damned
grasp?

The stones do heave and quiver at his tread,
Yet ye are mute and motionless!

The walls are trembling where the champion
walks

His way to shame — yet ye no feeling have!

The very air seems tortured by the echo

That answers to his name of infamy!

Yet ye in silence hear the withering sound,

And gape with idiot stare upon the pageant.

Swiss. What should we do?

Adel. What should you do! — My voice is in
my brand!

2d Swiss. And who art thou, who 'mid the
people that love him,

Forcest thyself, unknown, unsought, unsum-
mon'd?

Adel. I am a man Fredolfo hates; — a man
Fredolfo persecutes; — yet I am he,
Who with bare arm and single sword do press

Amid his native city's thronged streets,
Lifting my sole hand like a war-worn banner,
Which no band gathers round.

Swiss. (*shouting.*) It does! It does!

[*They gather round him tumultuously.*]

*Enter Fredolfo in chains, supported by Urilda—
A mixed crowd of Soldiers, Peasantry, and
Citizens follow tumultuously.*

Uril. (*Triumphantly.*) See how they gather
round thee — proudly gather,
As in the day of battle — how they hang
Upon thy looks, as in the hall of judgment,
When speech was eloquence, and judgment
truth!

God bless you, brave and faithful hearts! —
God bless you!

Fred. (*much agitated.*)

And who are ye who proudly press around me?
“Bend ye those arms against the heart of jus-
tice

“Or against mine? if here, let them be buried:
“Perchance their aim is just. My countrymen,
“To the strong battle I have led you! baffled
“From its dread brunt have I e'er shrunk?
Ye're silent!”

My countrymen! on your dear loves I call —
Not on your arms! — On the awful front of
justice

Bend not thy hostile frown — I am a man —
Perchance an erring — (*pauses*) Innocent, or
guilty,
Heaven's arm alone can right me — Yours are
nought!
Dash down those brands — then to your homes,
my countrymen!
There fight with other weapons — kneel, and
pray —
Pray that a sinful soul — all souls are sinful —
I will not burden ye — a pleading angel
Stands by my side, and soothes, and strengthens
me!
I do not need your prayers.

[*Sinks on Urilda.*

Enter Wallenberg and Austrians, Guards, &c.

Wall. What — lingering still? Away with
him to the dungeon!
Dost thou take pride to tread these streets in
shame,
A fetter'd felon, courting vile compassion —
Clanking thy chains to the accordant howl
Of wither'd beldams, and gross, gaping
burghers?
Away with him! — And ye, coarse knaves, be-
gone!
Your hero hath changed his temple for a dun-
geon!
By heaven, they loiter!

Fred. Hence, depart, my friends !
I have no power — but I have still a voice —
“ A voice that near your country’s banner
 peal’d

“ Like thunder round a spread and floating
 cloud.”

Hear its last cry : — depart — Fredolfo asks it !
 (The crowd disperse.)

Wall. And Wallenberg commands it ! Drag
 him hence !

Hence ! to the prison with him in their sight !

Uril. Come then, to prison — though no
 breath of heaven

Shall fan our brows, their thrilling pores shall
 ne’er

Be damp, like thine, with horror’s livid dew !

The stone must pillow us ; but shriek like
 that

Which turns thy doom to fire shall ne’er assail
 us.

Fetters must bind those limbs that sanctify
 them—

Their iron shall not enter to the soul,
Like those a tyrant’s crimes have forged for
 thee !

(To Fred.) Why dost thou droop on those ab-
 horred chains ?

Cheerly, my noble father—heed it not—

It was a passing agony—’tis o’er !

*[Struggling to dry her tears, and exit, leading
 out her father.]*

(Wallenberg stalks triumphantly across the stage, viewing them with scorn as they retire.)

Wall. Oh! it will be a demon-luxury
To watch the throes of her expiring pride,
Beneath fear's mortal grasp—then, then, to see
her—

Her tears, her tresses, white and clasped hands,
And heaving bosom, heaving at my knee,
In weeping beauty's bright profusion wild!
There's not a bloody page I will not turn
With burning study, so that I may wreak
Their full-collected pangs upon Fredolfo,
While that pale shrieking girl stands witness by!

Berthold rushes in.

Bert. Waste not another moment,
'Twas he—'twas he—Urilda's dark-hair'd mi-
nion—

The youth for whom she spurns thee—'twas his
voice,
Even now, that stirr'd the crowd to mutiny—
And he hath 'scaped us!

Wall. 'Scaped us? no, he must not,
Though he were borne beyond the reach of man,
I know a lure shall charm him to the snare,
Urilda's voice shall soothe, betray, and doom
him!

When those we hate become our tools of ven-
geance,

Its work is perfect:—Proud and wretched girl,
When the strain'd balls of agony shall wander

From a sire's corse, and rest upon a lover's,—
Then, then, remember Wallenberg was scorn'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Interior of a Prison.

*Enter Fredolfo, leaning on Urilda. Attendants
belonging to the Prison.*

Atten. (with compassion)

Please you, my lord, rest here.

Fred. (not heeding him)

I thank thee, it is very well!

Atten. The air, I fear, blows chilly through
that grating.

Fred. Perchance it does—I do not feel it yet!

Atten. Will you not rest upon this matted
couch?

Fred. (sits down, holding Urilda) I thought I
had, even now—I crave your pardon—
Where is my daughter?

Uril. I am here—I'm here!
Clasping your dear hand, clinging to your neck.
Will you not look at me?

Fred. The place is dark—
Mine eyes are dim o' the sudden — things look
strangely—

But you will pardon me—and all is well.

Uril. (weeping)

Oh! rend not mine heart in twain!

My friends, depart! [*Exeunt attendants.*]

Fred. (anxiously)
There is a thick and heavy breathing here,
The very air seems shackled:—
It comes o'er me like an embracing prisoner,—
Who, in his salutation, feels his chain
Grate on the breast he clasps.

Uril. It is not so!
The air through yon light grating blows full
pleasantly.

Fred. Urilda, this dark air hath been em-
poison'd
By many a murderer's breath.

Uril. But thine shall consecrate it—thine, my
father!

Oh! future sufferers here shall sit in pride,
Shall hug the chains that now I clasp in agony,
And proudly say, when from its horrid walls
They tread, "I have been in Fredolfo's dun-
geon!"

Fred. Away! many a murderer shall here
abide!
Dally not with my chains—thou canst not
break them.

Uril. Thy country's arm shall break them!

Fred. A mightier arm (*pointing to heaven*)
Alone can break the chain that binds the soul!
Sit down—and if thou wilt on subjects talk
That hold alliance with this horrid place,
I'll talk of such to thee.—

There was a man, I knew him once, I thought,
But even his daughter would not know him now.

Uril. It cannot be—his daughter still must know him.

Fred. He was unhappy—

Uril. Then she loved him better!

Fred. But—he was guilty!

Uril. Oh! impossible!

A father guilty in his daughter's eyes!

Fred. I must go on.

That wretched man, through years of misery,
Had gone to where the guilty meet their fate—
None knew the thought that brought him there;

perchance

They deem'd it pity!—No—he watch'd in anguish

How the pale wretch did on the scaffold stare—
Because—and if he had a daughter—then—

(Pauses in dreadful agitation, then proceeding with great difficulty, and sometimes glancing at Urilda, who sits by him in progressive and horrible stupefaction.)

The night came on—beside his couch of stone
His daughter sat—as now thou dost by me—

(Another pause—she looks at him long, without speaking.)

(Pointing upwards) There was a dungeon o'er
them—its dark vaults

A merciful shadow on his damp brow cast,
And she, who came with heart as light as thine,

(She lets go hold of his chains.)

Clasping her father's chains in triumph—

When she did hear that father's tale of crime,—
dropp'd them!

Uril. (after a pause) But then she smiled
upon him—did she not?

Or tried to smile? (*forcing a convulsive smile.*)

Fred. (tossing his chains in sudden agony)
I am a murderer!

Uril. (starting from him, and bursting into a
horrible laugh) My father! and a murderer!

Ha, ha, ha!
(*Recovering and going up to him tenderly, and
hanging on him.*)

Nay, do not try me so—thou speak'st in jest—
But try me so no more!

[*Hides her head in his breast.*

Fred. I—I have spoken!

Uril. (struggling with him in desperation)
Retract—retract! for Heaven's—for mercy's
sake!

Fred. Horrible truth!
(*She rushes away from him, and remains at a
great distance, gazing on him with a look of
horror.*)

Fred. (holding out his arm to her)
My child! my child! if crime like mine may
plead

Extremest wrong, and passion urged to mad-
ness—

These fetters will not plead to thee in vain;—
She will not speak—she will not listen to me—
My child and nature have abandoned me!

Uril. (flying into his arms and clasping him)
Oh no!—no!—no!—they have not!

Fred. (quite exhausted) Leave me—leave me!
There is, perchance, a nook in this dark dwell-
ing,

Where I may, trembling, supplicate for mercy
Alone—for in this moment's agony,
Even thine—thy sight is painful to mine eyes!

[*He retires slowly to a recess in the prison.*
(*Urilda remains alone, fixed and stupified, in the
front of the stage.*)

*Wallenberg enters silently, and approaches her—
she does not see him till he is close to her—
she then starts, and clings to him, with a dread-
ful scream.*

Uril. Save him, oh! save him! Thou alone
canst save him!

Wall. Why this appealing shriek—this frantic
clasp—
These lifted hands—this prostrate agony?
What does Fredolfo's daughter seek from me?
You shrink, you turn away, you veil your face—
What! is it possible? Speak—answer me—
Is he then guilty? Is your father guilty?
Speak! I must hear the word—your father
guilty?—

Uril. (falling on the ground)
He is—my father!

Wall. Prostrate at my feet!

The flower that scorn'd the touch must court
the tread—

Rise, lady, rise! you much debase yourself
To clasp the knees of a rejected wooer!

Uril. (writhing at his feet in agonizing humiliation)

Let not my gracious lord in wrath remember
The frantic folly of a wayward girl!

Wall. (with increasing bitterness)

And when I trembled at Urilda's feet,
What was my answer?—"Never! never! never!
No, Wallenberg—no, Austrian—never! never!"

*Uril. Oh! I was proud—was mad—I did
not know*

That I was the vile thing I'm sunk to now.

*Wall. I was a villain—liar—was't not so?
Ay—liar was the term!*

*Uril. Oh! no—not so—
How can you crush a worm, to see it writhe?*

Wall. (changing his whole manner)
Urilda, I can—pity, and forgive!

Uril. (looking at him, then shuddering)
Can you?—Oh, never, never—Oh! forgive—
Can you forgive me?
Can you indeed? (*clinging to his vest.*)

*Wall. I can, and more—relieve—
Can give your father liberty and life!*

Uril. (with convulsive laughter)
Life!—liberty! and the poor guilty man—
Blessings, oh blessings!

Wall. Hold—till I deserve them.
I dare not, in my duty's awful trust,
Rend ope the doors of an arraigned felon;
I cannot, as a son, from the loathed arm
That slew my father strike the claspings fether,
And say, with horrid gratitude, Kind murder-
derer!

You stabb'd my sire — your guerdon is your
liberty!

Uril. Well, well, my lord—(*impatiently.*)

Wall. But, may not this be done?
Is there not yet among the patriot's friends
Some youth of bold and enterprising arm,
Who, with small cost of noisy eloquence,
May tempt the rabble on his prison-doors
To try their hands' rude strength, and not in
vain—

While I to distant quarters lead the Austrians,
And leave the pass unguarded? May this be?

Uril. (*clasping her hands*)

Oh, heaven! it may—it may!

Wall. Know'st thou of such?

Uril. Perchance there may be one.

Wall. And one whom thou canst trust—whom
thou couldst love?

Uril. My lord!

Wall. Oh! summon him! on the instant
summon him!

Uril. (*kissing his hand eagerly*)

Nay, do not wrest thy generous hand from me!

And he shall live?—Oh! from our distant
home,
In poverty, in exile, yea in death—
How blessings shall steam up like incense for
—thee!

“ Oh! think of a rich offering of full hearts,
“ Burning upon an altar lit for thee,
“ Bow’d knees, clasp’d hands, strong, eager,
trembling prayers,
“ That melt the saints, and take the heavens by
storm!”

Wall. And he thou lov’st—he too will pray
for me!

Uril. My lord!

Wall. And may not luckless Wallenberg—
Albeit an exile from your soft retreat—
Steal with light step upon its paradise,
Gaze on your slumbers in its bowers of balm,
And smile on you, as I do now!

Uril. Oh, God! (*hiding her face*)
Not that dread smile—Nay, do not turn from
me—

Be not incensed—for my heart is sick
With doubts, with bodings, and with many
fears.

Wall. Thy fears and doubts, ere midnight,
shall be ended—
Summon thy friend—prepare thee for the hour!
When the bell tolls, remember Wallenberg!

Uril. For ever, and for ever, in my prayers!
[*Kneeling.*

Fred. (rushing forward)
Hold, frantic wretch! he mocks thee—Wallenberg! *(seizing Urilda's arm.)*

If thou art here in scorn, I pity thee—
If thou art here in mercy, I disdain——

Uril. (struggling with, and trying to soften Wallenberg) Oh! heed him not!

Fred. Heed him not, thou lost girl!

(Urilda struggles between them.)

I call on Heaven for mercy—not on man!
I've lived the champion of my country's rights,
I'll die the victim of my country's justice!

Wall. (rushing furiously away)
Die, and despair!

Uril. (clinging to him, as he drags her along)
Oh! he must not die!
Thou'lt save him yet—thou wilt—thou'rt merciful,

Piteous, and good—I will be thine!

(He dashes her from him.)

Thou wilt not spurn me—thou hast knelt to me—

Wall. (with horrible irony, repeating his last words as he turns on her, while she kneels)
When the bell tolls, remember Wallenberg!

Uril. (not understanding the menace)
Oh! yes—remember thee—with blessings!
blessings! *[Wallenberg rushes out.*

(She kneels, knocking in agony at the door.)
Hear me! Oh, hear me!—Oh! the door is closed—

The door of hope is closed! — Yet hear me,
Wallenberg!

[*Dashing her head in desperation against the door, then rushing back to her father.*

(*Falling at his feet.*)

Lost! lost! for ever lost!

Fred. (*calmly clasping her hand, and pointing to heaven*) Not lost for ever!!!

[*Curtain drops.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A splendid apartment in Wallenberg's palace.

A Banquet seen through arches in the back ground.

Music.

*(Wallenberg rushes from the Banquet-room with
distracted gesture.)*

Wall. Break off your minstrelsy.

[Music ceases.]

And must I love her?

And must this maddening pulse and feverish
heart

Beat for her still? for her—Can it be love?

Hate's fellest throe were luxury to this!

I could rend out the veins that throb for her;—

I could on mine own heart fix suicide's fangs,

So they defaced that form it dares to cherish!

“ I dream'd that I had torn her from my bosom;

“ I dream'd—I knew not that it was Urilda:—

“ I woke, and found her there.

“ I feel her in her prostrate beauty still,

“ Her cold hands twined in mine,—her marble
lip

“ Like that o'er which no breath of life e'er
thrill'd;

“ The stony fixture of the unpleading eye,

“ When hope’s last light is quench’d — that
gazes on

“ The fearful eloquence of convulsed limbs,

“ Whose writhings speak what the choak’d
tongue denies.

“ Away! ’tis folly—vile and loathed folly!—

“ I will upon my proud rebellious heart

“ Lay the keen stripe of each remember’d
wrong,

“ And lash it like a lion into madness.”

Did she not spurn me?—That I could forgive.

Did she not shrink from me, as never maiden

From wooer shrunk?—Even that I could forgive.

Has she not dared to love another?—

And can a lover pardon that?—No, never!

My lips can utter “ never!” maiden, too—

And I can feel that stern, immortal purpose—

That iron thought—that wall of adamant—

That *never* of the soul, divorcing hope,

And stamping fate upon futurity.

Enter Berthold hastily.

Bert. How hast thou fared — is Adelmar se-
cured?

Wall. My fierce and wayward mood hath
crossed my will (*sullenly*).

I had upon her fearing credulous heart

Wrought the nice work of art,—she would have
fled

To the earth’s verge for hope and Adelmar—

“ She bless’d me, — then I pitied her : — she
kiss’d

“ My dooming hand, that trembled in her
grasp.”

Then rush’d that raving dotard from his nook—
His cunning madness foil’d the hopeful snare,—
My mood was stirr’d—I cursed them, and I
parted.—

Do the next feat of wily mischief, thou ;

I hate, and curse,—but thou canst curse, and
smile !

Bert. (derisively)

Yea—such a smile as I can spare thee now—

Thou, who canst let even spleen defeat thy ven-
geance !

“ *Wall.* I was a fool ! with sullen spleen I
own it.

“ Chide not, or thou may’st feel the wrath thou
mockest !

“ E’en from my boyhood did I loathe the hand

“ That proffer’d me a kindness—my soul’s pride

“ Had rather met a scorn it could revenge :—

“ Yet I did love,—at that proud maiden’s feet

“ I flung the heart she tramples on. She knew
not

“ ’Twas on the adder’s slumbering pride she trod.

“ I hate her !—Need I seek another cause—”

Bert. (looking round) Hush ! hush ! she comes
to seek thee—linger not—

Thy passion will break forth, and mar mine art.

(*More eagerly*) She shall unto thy bent and
thrilling ear

Own all her father's crime!

Wall. She did—I heard it.

Bert. She shall unto thy headsman's bloody
stroke

Yield the white throat of Adelmar — yea, bless
thee,

—In credulous woman's fond unconsciousness—
For that thy hand doth speed the stroke of
death.

Wall. Ay—let him perish—let me see him
perish!

My stormy mood would burst thy puny toils,
Albeit I need them.—Weave thy web alone,
But look thou wind it fast and dark around her.

(*Looking out towards her.*)

Thou, whom I know not if I loathe or love,—
Who mak'st me tremble with unnamed sensa-
tion,—

Whom I could clasp, or curse, embrace, or stab;
Round whom I could, like the dark serpent,
fold,

To twine, and — ha! to crush thee!

[*Rushes out.*

*Enter Urilda; she approaches, without knowing
Berthold, who has turned away from her, and
addresses him as a domestic of Wallenberg.*

Uril. Turn, turn—in mercy turn, my gracious
friend!

A wretched suppliant to thy lord's high presence
Would win admittance by thy gentle ministry,—
Heaven, in thy soul's last need, so deal with
thee,

As thou dost speed my boon!

Bert. (turning on her)

What wouldst thou, maiden?

Uril. (screaming with horror at his sight)

Ah! Berthold!—Serpent! have I trod on thee?

And art thou twining round the mercy-seat

I fled to cling to?—Mercy is not there—

Forgive, forgive me! (*changing.*) I must plead
to thee—

Thou hast not eat Fredolfo's bread to curse it—

Thou hast not known Fredolfo's heart to pierce
it!

(*Approaching nearer to him.*)

The blessing of his roof is on thee still,

Its holy air hangs round thee, and I feel it—

The sweet breeze of the valley breathes on me!

Friend,—servant of my father—spurn me not—

The daughter of thy master bends to thee!

Bert. (aside) Love knows no luxury like this!

(*Turning to her*) Beshrew me,

Fair damsel, but thy sad plight pities me.—

Alone—untended—with dishevell'd locks!

And did the nice Urilda, all regardless (*irony*)

Of her state's pride, and of her maiden fame,

Traverse at midnight the deserted streets,

To woo the audience of a feverish reveller,

All too susceptible of fair maiden's charms?

Uril. Thou speak'st in mockery—hadst thou
e'er a father?

I fear'd for one—I know no other fear!

Bert. Thy father's life hangs trembling on
these moments:—

Speak! wouldst thou save him?

Uril. (*with emotion*) Would I?—

Bert. Sign this scroll,
And Adelmar, ere midnight, with strong arm
Shall burst thy father's fetters—sign this scroll!

Uril. Give it me—but, oh! Berthold, glare
not on me—

Why must my hand thus beckon him to dan-
ger?—

Bert. The question mocks my patience!—
Will he trust

Aught but thy hand?

Would it beseem the governor of Altdorf

To break the chains of an arraigned murderer?

Does it beseem the daughter of Fredolfo

To pause, when her sole touch can burst those
chains?

Would Adelmar obey the Austrian's bidding?

Will Adelmar reject Urilda's call?

Uril. Give me the paper!

(*She snatches the paper, then shrieks at seeing the
horrid change in his expression.*)

Canst thou betray me—canst thou?—

Say that thou wilt not—speak, but look not on
me!

Bert. Have I not said?

Uril. Swear—swear!

Bert. And by what power?

Uril. *(with fervent agony)* Swear by that
Heaven who saw a father's crime;—
That Heaven who sees a daughter's broken
heart;—
That Heaven who sees the tortured and the
perjured;—
That Heaven who on my crush'd and whirling
brain
Hath flash'd a horrid light—swear, this instant
swear!

Bert. *(with the utmost affected coldness)*
Why, here's a coil to win thee to thy will.—
I care not—I—to bear such thankless office—
The sorry meed of fond officious virtue—
In faith I am too pitiful, and patient!
*(Increasing his assumed indifference as he watches
her increasing agony.)*

The hours are waning; life wanes fast with
them:—

The beam of morn may gild a bloody scaffold.

(She staggers towards him.)

Sign an' thou wilt—hold! that is not the paper—
Thou'st seized my garment's hem!

Uril. *(madly)* Give me the paper!
There! there!

(She snatches the paper and signs her name.)

Thou hast it now—thou hast me, Berthold!

(Attempting to snatch the paper.)

But if—oh, no—I will not think.

Bert. (*detaining the paper*) Thou must
—In this dread moment of thy utmost fate—
Be more than Nature's woman, — think and
act.

Uril. (*Resolutely.*) I will!

Bert. And can'st thou?

Uril. And I can!

Bert. Away then!

Sit by thy father with a patient smile,—
Win o'er the weary hours with constant talk,—
And when the prison-bell o'er vault and dome
Booms its deep sound, startling the wretch that
sleeps not,

Rouse all thy courage at thy utmost need,
For then will be a need to try that courage.

[*Urilda rushes to him in an agony of gratitude.*
Away, and save thy father!

Uril. I must bless thee! [*Rushes out.*

Bert. (*Following her with a wild laugh.*)
How weak a thing is woman, when she loves!—
How fierce a thing is woman, when she hates!—

[*Enter Wallenberg and Officer.*

I have — I have it — in my hand I grasp it —
The doom of Adelmar! — Urilda seal'd it.

Wall. Away! begone, and find him — should
he 'scape! —

Bert. Fear not — I've watch'd his steps —
he is at hand,

With all his desperate band still prompt and restless —

They want but this — (*the paper*) and they, ere long, shall have it.

Offi. Shall we not toll the bell, and give the alarm?

Wall. Toll for thy knell, if that thou dare to touch it!

[*Throwing off his fierceness, and assuming a malignant caution.*

On, slave!—but steal with an assassin's tread.—
The mother, to whose breast he smiling clung
In life's young morn, when life is loveliest,
Felt not his weal more dear than Wallenberg!
No hand must be upon him—he is mine!
Not worlds shall buy his heart-drops' priceless ransom.

Before her eyes—and summon'd by her hand—
Then,—then,—to see him writhe—and hear her shriek—

Oh! let me drain that last rich draught of vengeance,

Then—fling the cup away!

[*Rushes out, followed by Berthold and Officer.*

SCENE II.

A vaulted Room in the Prison ; large folding doors in the back. Urilda and Fredolfo discovered.

Fred. And art thou here? Come to my breast
— Nay, do not —
These chains may bruise thee — I ne'er felt the
burden
Till their cold clasp made me forbid my
child's. —

Uril. (*Embracing him.*) They shall not keep
thee from me — they are light —

[*Looking up at him with fond hope and confidence.*]

Father! thou canst not be a murderer!

Fred. Go — close the door — I had forgot —
forgive me, —

A dungeon door is ever barr'd — My child! —

[*She looks terrified.*]

Nay, gaze not on me — it is horrible —

But it is just — my crime was horrible —

I've bow'd to ask forgiveness of my God —

[*Kneels.*]

I kneel to ask forgiveness of my child.

“ *Uril.* O, hold — nor drive me mad! — O,
wouldst thou see me

“ Dash on this floor of stone my desperate
brain?”

Fred. I bend not now to Heaven, for Heaven hath spoke it —
But thou must speak it too.

Uril. (*With deep emotion.*) Well then, —
[*Rushing to him, and clasping him in her arms.*]

I cannot!

Fred. Urilda, hang not weeping on my neck —
There was an hour — Oh! that it was to come!
For I was virtuous then! — but —
Wallenberg! —

Uril. (*Starting.*) Wallenberg!

Fred. That bad man's father!
He, in my absence — To a daughter's ear
I cannot tell the tale of woe and shame! —
The base and brutal spoiler — in my absence —
[*A long pause.*]

The shriek I heard not rings for ever here —
[*Another pause, during which Urilda stands in conscious horror.*]

The spirit burst from its dismantled dwelling,
[*Rapidly.*]

And left thee motherless — and me a wretch.
Wild from my blasted home I rush'd — I met
him —

[*A long pause, he utters every following line with increasing difficulty, and she listens with increasing terror.*]

'Twas the dark twilight of a stormy eve, —
[*A longer pause, she watches him.*]
'Twas in a lonely mountain's dismal pass —

My hand was on my sword—the victim there—
I struck—

Uril. (Clinging to him with a scream of horror.) No—no—thou didst not!—no—

Fred. (Gloomily.) I did!
(Triumphantly.) This was the arm that struck!
—this arm again

Would smite that worse than murderer to the
earth!

Uril. (With a fearful hope.) There was no
witness?

Fred. Berthold stood by me,
And still he stands the stern and awful witness
Of that dark hour!

Uril. (Shuddering.) Berthold!—

Fred. (With increasing difficulty.) There was
another,—

A peasant boy—who did his innocent breast,
With loud and helpless outcry, long oppose
To blows not aim'd at him—Twas Adelmar!
I hated him—from clime to clime I drove
him;—

But to his mountain-home he would return,—
Return to save thy life—and I repaid him—

[*Bitter self-reproach.*
I—thrust him in a dungeon—but—I freed
him.

Crime follow'd crime;—on murder treachery,
On treachery vengeance, and on vengeance
fear,
Came link on link, to bind me to perdition—

Each faster lock'd even by the toil to break
them :

[*With convulsive emotion.*
But I have burst through all !

Uril. O, misery !

Fred. 'Twas misery unknown, unspeakable—
For I was guilty !

Uril. (*Clinging to him.*) Thou art innocent !
In the day's glare, or in the dungeon's gloom,—
In the sight of partial man and witnessing
angels,
In the sight of awful heaven, thou'rt innocent !
And heav'n will judge thee as thy daughter
judges.

(*A distant shout.*)

Fred. (*Starting from her arms.*) Hark ! hark !
that shout—what means it ?

Uril. (*With an exulting shriek.*) That thou'rt
innocent !

'Tis heaven's deep echo to a daughter's cry—
They come, they come to burst these horrid
walls !

Fred. (*Trembling.*) To burst these walls ?

Uril. I could not speak before
The secret of a heart too sad for hope—
Thou art their prize—and Adelmar their leader !

(*Shouts without.*)

Fred. (*With much agitation.*) Would they had
let me die ! I was prepared
For all but life ! — Would they would let me
die !

Uril. You shall not die—Hark! hark! they
come! they come!

Hark! to the peal of the thundering multi-
tude!—

Hark! to the crash of bolt, and bar, and beam!—

(The noise increases.)

*[Fredolfo sits down on a stone bench, and
clasps his hands over his forehead, while
Urilda, in an agony of joy, traverses the
stage, echoing every sound and shouting as
the assault on the prison-doors increases.]*

‘And they come’ is in the shout, and the tread,
and the trample.—

They are here!

(The doors give way.)

Smite, harder smite—the saints to speed—

They yield—they fall—they’re here, and Adel-
mar—

Brave Adelmar their leader!

Wallenberg without.

Wall. Down with them! trample on them!

*Wallenberg rushes in with Ulric and a numerous
band, who surround Fredolfo.*

Waste not a moment on those baffled slaves—

Seize him—secure him—drag him to my feet,

My state’s whole treasure to the hand that holds
him!

Where is he? Where is Adelmar?

Ulric. He hath escaped!

Wall. (after a long pause of breathless fury, going up to him.) Escaped! [Seizing *Ulric*.
Thy life for his—escaped—to rush upon us

—! [letting go *Ulric*.

Like a recoiling wave that splits the rock—

His wild and rallied force will burst on us

Before the blow is struck—

(Pausing, and viewing *Fredolfo*.) No — no, it
shall not—

I have this victim yet—Guards! seize the murderer!

[During *Wallenberg's* speech, *Urilda* shudders with wild stupefaction, not comprehending how *Wallenberg* can express such enmity against *Adelmar*.—She starts on seeing *Fredolfo* seized by *Wallenberg's* band, and flings herself at *Wallenberg's* feet, still believing him her friend.

Fred. I'm guilty—let me perish—save that innocent,

For, she—what hath she done?

[Falls into their arms.

(*Urilda* kneeling to *Wallenberg*, who surveys her with dreadful composure.)

Uril. See—see—they seize him—and is this thy doing?

Wallenberg! *Wallenberg!*—my friend—preserver—

At thy command I summon'd *Adelmar*:

(Grasping his robe, and shaking it in despair.)

Wallenberg ! friend !—you pause in mockery—
(*with a faint laugh.*) Mock me no further—for
my brain is whirling.

[*Shrieking in despair to him.*
They've seized my father ! Are you not my
friend !

Are you not ? Speak ! speak !—speak !—or, I
shall madden !

[*Grappling him in an agony.—After enjoying it silently, he bursts into a demoniac laugh.*

Wall. Ha !—ha !—ha !—ha !

[*She looks torpid.*

Fred. (*Shaking his hand at him.*) Oh ! demon !
demon ! demon !

Wall. (*with ferocious triumph.*) Ay, shake
thy fetter'd hand in madness at me !

Uril. (*roused and interposing.*) Wallenberg !
lover—friend—one word of mercy—
Thou can'st not—no, thou art not such a demon !

Wall. (*all his fury bursting out.*)
Yes, a triumphant demon !—at my foot
The minor fiends in torment writhe and curse—
[*She throws herself at his feet hopelessly.*
(*Coldly.*) Kneel—kneel—in beauty's eloquent
agony,

That I may say—Urilda, never—never !

[*Passing by her as she clings to him, and pointing at Fredolfo, then turning to her with redoubled malignity.*

Thy father perishes—'tis justice dooms him!

Thy lover—ay, thy lover—hath escaped—

[Stamping with rage and agony.]

Or to a scaffold's black and bloody doom

Thy voice had lured him,—and thy hand had
led.—

Mine was the thought—mine should have been
the transport,

To make thy fond credulity his fate!—

[Turning to Fredolfo.]

But,—thou, at least, art mine—and thou shalt
feel it!

*[Turns to Ulric, and speaking with cold
solemnity.]*

Go, seek the headsman—tell him, the state's
service

From my reluctant tongue compels the word—
Death for Fredolfo!

Ulric. (with a dreadful scream.)

No—not death—not death— *(To Ulric.)*

He said not death—or meant it—not—not
death! *[Exit Ulric.]*

(Fredolfo attempts to interpose.)

Thou shalt not speak—there's mercy in his
face. *[to Fredolfo.]*

(Exultingly.) I see—I see it—though he knows
it not.

*Wall. (raising his head-dress, and fixing on
her the look of triumphant malignity.)*

Dost thou?

[Urilda, falling prostrate on encountering his look, and giving up hope.—Wallenberg, going, then returns to her, as she lies on the ground, and repeating the line in the third Act, with bitter irony.]

When the bell tolls, remember Wallenberg!

[Going out, he speaks in eager and rapid tones to the guards.]

Make haste! make haste! do your dark work with speed—

Swift their return—and fell will be their push!

But their wild battle shall be—round his corse!

[Exit with Soldiers.]

Uril. (starting up.) Where are you, father?

[Feeling about in the blindness of despair.]

Fred. How is the hour?

Uril. Heed not the moments!

Fred. (with ghastly significance of look.)

They are moments then!

My lips are parch'd—not even to heaven

In this dark moment can I breathe a prayer.

[wiping his lips.]

The fierce and feverish thirst of agony—

The quenchless fire—is lit within already.

Uril. (with a shriek of horror.)

Moments! Oh! that my prayers could lengthen

Moments even horrible as these for ever!

Fred. (nodding over his chains.)

For ever! it will be for ever soon.

Death, I have met thee in the battle field—

But never felt thee terrible till now!

Uril. It wants a moment yet!

[*Embracing him wildly.*

The bell tolls.

(*She stands stupified.*)

Fred. (*Calmly.*) The moment's past!

(*Muffled drum beats without.*)

Berthold, guards, and headsman, with are in his hand, appear in the opening in the back.—
Guards bear torches.

Bert. (*Coming forward.*) Prisoner, your hour is come!

Uril. (*with a faint scream.*) Help! Adelmar!

Fred. (*sternly to her*) Of help, or hope, or mercy, speak no more!

They've urged me to the brink, and I stand there

Like one, who on despair calls for dark strength,

And feels his call is answer'd—Lead on!

I've trod with prouder step, but ne'er with firmer!

[*Urilda, half unconscious, clings to him.*

The guards, by order of Berthold, attempt to separate them.

Uril. O! let me be a daughter, whilst I may,
For long I must not be!

[*She attempts to employ herself about her*

father. Berthold interposes with malignant irony.

Bert. Will not thy footsteps falter, gentle maid,

When they must guide a murderer to the block?

Uril. (Quite unconscious of the speaker.)

They will not—and I thank you, gentle friend;

[Looking up, and recognizing him, with a scream.

Ah! Berthold! Mercy! mercy! dearest Berthold!

Bert. Yea—mercy brief and welcome—such swift mercy

As yon keen axe can deal.

Uril. (wildly.) Yet, mercy! mercy!

Mercy may dart between the hovering axe

And the cold neck it quivers o'er.

Fred. Lead on!

(Shouts at a great distance.)

Uril. (Catching the sound.) Hold!—by the fearfullest oath the lip e'er utter'd,

By desperation's agonizing hope,

Hold,—there is mercy—hope,—but not with you—

There is a voice in the air—heard you it not?

(Rapturously.) Oh, first, *my* ear first caught it!

Bert. (To the guards.) To the block!

Uril. (as the tumult without increases.)

No—drag me first—my father!

[Grasping him convulsively.

Clasp! clasp me close!

Bert. (*Fiercely to the guards.*)
Drag, drag them both !

[*The guards approach, and seize them.
They struggle with them. She clasps Fredolfo closer.*]

(*Shout without.*) Fredolfo !

Uril. (*Clinging to her father, and echoing the shout.*) Fredolfo ! list ! — Fredolfo, hear, and strive !

I will not from this trunk unclasp my hold !
It is not yet a corse—it shall not be !

[*Struggling with them.*
Rend, rend away—he is yet alive !
(*Trumpets.—Shouting.*)

Adelmar and his band rush in on all sides, and overpower *Berthold* and guards.

Adel. (*Rescuing Fredolfo, and committing him to his band.*) Bear him off, quick ! this breast shall guard your passage.

[*Fredolfo is borne off, struggling, by Adelmar's band.*]

(*understanding his gestures.*) Leave her with me—resist not—bear him hence !

(*approaching Urilda, who is fainting.*) And thou—Oh ! let me save thee—droop not now, One moment's well-waked energy—

[*Urilda pursuing her father with her eyes, and then falling senseless in his arms.*]

Uril. He's safe ! He's safe !

[*Adelmar raises her, and is carrying her off,*

when Wallenberg rushes in, and assails him.

Wall. Turn, traitor ! Villain, turn !

[Attacks him ; Adelmar parries the blows, till finding Urilda in danger of being wounded, he is compelled to let her fall ; Berthold, watching his opportunity, catches her. Wallenberg's knights seize Adelmar and disarm him.]

(to his knights.) Drag him hence !

[Knights force Adelmar off the stage.]

For, oh ! I gaze upon a dearer prize ! Urilda !

Bert. Urilda—all thine own !

Uril. (recovering slowly.) Where, oh, where am I ?—There was death and blood, And a broad sea of gore,—and in it floated A father's headless corse, tossing and wreck-like, And still I plunged, and plunged, and still in blood—

At last I fell—

[Unconsciously starting at finding herself in the arms of a man.]

Ah ! monster,—is it thee ! [shrieking.]

[Urilda struggling to free herself, and supplicating even Wallenberg in her favour.]

Oh ! save me ! save me ! Wallenberg, protect me !

Wall. (scoffing.) What ! are those pleading arms held out to me ?

Uril. They are ! they are ! to thee — Oh, mercy ! mercy !

[Wallenberg derides her distress.]

Oh! mock me not in this fell fearful moment,
 Good, — merciful, — dear Wallenberg, — Oh!
 save me!

Oh! mercy! Oh! mercy!

Wall. Berthold, guard thy prize!

*[Urilda, with a dreadful shriek, bursts from
 Berthold, and darting into the arms of
 Wallenberg, clings to him—He bears her
 off, with a fierce laugh.]*

Ay, let Fredolfo flee—since thou art here!

[Exeunt.]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The interior of a Cavern in the Mountains, with an arch in the back ground, through which is seen a moonlight view of St. Gothard—Fredolfo discovered senseless in the arms of Waldo—Some Soldiers around him.

Wal. Nay, leave him in my arms—for he will
feel

That they are those, which have in glorious
hours

Clasp'd him in dearer duty—in the strife,
Where they have been his shield—Your hands
are cold

To the fine touch remember'd feeling lends
Even to the veteran's chill and pithless grasp.
I pray you keep from him.

1st Sol. The mountain air
Doth strongly through these cavern'd hollows
sweep ;

That will restore him.

2d Sol. Ay—and mountain shouts
Shall through their echoing arches strongly
peal ;
They will revive him.

Wal. If upon his ear
His daughter's distant voice should softly fall,
That would revive him.

Fred. (*Starting up at the word.*)
Daughter! said he, Daughter?—
Who hath a daughter? none—for mine is lost.
And ye, who round me stand, cannot be fa-
thers;
Your touch is bloodless, and your eyes are
stone,
Or ye would rend them out, ere they were
blasted

With all that I must live, and look upon.

[*A long pause of agony, then solemnly ad-
dressing them.*]

Men, if ye are fathers,
Steal on your slumbering infant's holy sleep,
Gripe the weak throat, and hush the feeble cry,
And turn the cradle smile to death's dull gape;—
Their throes may palsy your unnatural touch,—
Their cry may deafen the cold ear it smites,—
But ye shall never hear the cry I hear!—
The cry of her, who on her father calls
To save her—not from death!

[*Falls back exhausted.*]

Wal. Press not around him, gentle friends, I
pray.—

He scarcely lives—our wild and sudden flight,
Our stormy struggle with the troubled night
In the dark mountain-pass——

Fred. (bursting from them)
Hence from me, all!
Betrayers, and not friends—What have ye done?
Ye've torn me from her—torn me from my
daughter—
She shrieks—she calls on me—I hear her
voice—
So shriek'd her mother—and I hear her still—
(*To a soldier*) Come hither, thou—Why dost
thou shrink from me?
I know thee well—'twas on Morgarten's rock
I stood beside thy father; with this arm
Swordless I met the blows that would have
fell'd him,
My sword being broken on the Austrians' crests.
(*To another*) I saved thy brother!
(*To another*) From the crashing rocks
I dragg'd thy kinsman, while my strained arm
Upbore the pile he writhed beneath—I saved
him—
There is not one of you that hang on me
But owes the life of father, friend, or brother—
And ye—and ye have torn me from my child!

Enter Peasants, leading Berthold forward.

Waldo (advancing). Who breaks on us,
Leading a stranger's rude forbidden step?

Fred. (recognizing him, and rushing forward)
Hold! I know him!
The very air around him breathes of her!

The sight of aught that saw her tells of hope—
Speak!

Bert. (*falling on his knees*) Save her!

Fred. (*trembling*) May she yet be saved?

Bert. She may!

(*Fredolfo rushes into his arms, then recoils at his
marks of assumed penitent feeling.*)

Fred. I do not like thy tears — there's art in
them—

Thou wouldst with dry and burning tongue
have told

Thy breathless tale, had there been faith in
thee.

Bert. (*vehemently*) By every saint above—by
listening heaven—

Fred. (*retreating further*)
There is no truth in thee—the man that feels
[*with much emphasis.*

Her holy power within him scorns an oath.

Waldo. What pledge hast thou?

Bert. I am myself my pledge.
Through the foul hurtling of the pitiless night,
Through the dark terrors of your mountain pass,
Where life was risk'd at every step, I trod—
But trod in vain, since on a father's ear
The tidings of a daughter's safety fall
Faint as a passing breeze!

(*Fred.* (*doubtingly*) Stand far from me!
Let me gaze on thee at a safer distance—
How fares my daughter?

Bert. Well, if so it please
Her father she shall fare.

Fred. There is a smile,
A fiendish herald, that foreruns thy speech!
Smile not on me, but speak!

Bert. I will, and briefly.
Two hours are scarcely wanting to the dawn—
Within less space are many evils done.

Fred. (in impatient agony) Go on!

Bert. Within those hours, whose minutes fly,
Fierce Wallenberg hath sworn his father's murder
derer
Must to his mercy owe his forfeit life,—
Or else that forfeit, long to justice owed,
Shall at fell price be ransom'd—need I name it?
Urilda trembling waits her father's answer.

Fred. (after a long pause) Lead me to death!

Waldo, &c. (gathering round him)
Thou shalt not go—thou must not—
He doth abuse thee with a wicked tale.

Fred. (turning on them, calmly)
Know I not Wallenberg? Lead me to death!

Bert. Thou hear'st their cry—but canst not
hear thy daughter's—
Still soothing to the patriot's ear the voice
That tells of glories gone, but, oh! how thrilling
The voice that tells of honour ne'er redeem'd.

Fred. (breaking from them, and following Berthold) Lead on! I'll smite to earth the arm
that stays me!

Enter Adelmar, on the opposite side, dishevelled and bloody—his sword drawn.

Adel. Hold!—hold!

Waldo and Peasants (with a shout.)

'Tis Adelmar!—

Adel. 'Tis Adelmar!

Where bends your frantic speed?

Fred. (*struggling past him*) To save Urilda!

Adel. (*with a shout, which is echoed by them all*)

She's saved! she's saved!

(*Fredolfo hangs on him, as he leans panting and exhausted on his sword; the rest form a group; while Berthold retreats, with a scowl of malignant disappointment.*)

Bert. Curses! oh, curses on his arm of strength!

Curses! oh, curses on his voice of joy!

Adel. (*to Fredolfo*) Hang not thus helpless on me—blood, not tears,—(*to the rest*)

Toss not your brands in mad and reckless triumph—

A moment saved—another lost may lose her!

I left her in the arms of Wallenberg!

Fred. (*recoiling*) Left her!

Adel. Not long I left her—this sole arm,

This spent and bleeding strength, what could it do?

I left her to return—

Fred. (*shuddering*) Return too late!

Adel. A few—a rallied, desperate, glorious few—

Round my rear'd arm, as round a banner, bore,
I tore her from their grasp—but, oh! too faint
And few the blows of my worn followers fell!
A shrine was near,—with these exhausted arms
I placed her by the altar of her God,
Twined her pale fingers round the pillar'd cross,
And press'd my lip to the cold hand I held;
While with bow'd knee and reeking brand I
pray'd——

Bert. (rushing forward) The prayer no saint
will hear—thou frantic boy!
Ay, gripe my throat! ay, rend me as ye will—
I know the truth—may 't burst the ears it
thrills!

I knew her arms were round the altar flung!
I knew that nought from that strong clasp could
rend her

But yon hoar head beneath her mercy bow'd!

[*Pointing to Fredolfo.*
I braved the storm—I braved the mountain
wild——

I would have ruin'd—I can yet enjoy
The ruin your own hands prepare for you!
On, to the shrine! Around its rocking walls
The force of Wallenberg already thunders!
There, 'mid the heapy piles of mangled slain,
My smile in death shall mock you as in life!

Waldo and Peasants. Rend him in frag-
ments!

Fred. (solemnly interposing)
Oh! no blood be shed!

This be my high peace-offering for my crime!
This may move Heaven for mercy on my child!

Adel. Seize him with bloodless hands—but
well secure him!

Bert. (*struggling as they bind him*) The strong
church-gates are barr'd, but a strong arm
May burst those bars!

Adel. Villain! be dumb for ever!

Bert. (*pursuing his triumph*)
The shrine is high, the altar holy—ay—
But there are hands that from the trembling
cross

Have rent the victim by her locks of gold!

Adel. Curse, wretch! but speak not thus!

Bert. (*bursting from them, and kneeling*)
Then, hear me pray—
Hear Berthold pray, who never pray'd before!
(*Fredolfo rushes forward, while the rest drag
Berthold from his knees.*)

Fred. Take the blasphemer hence!
(*He kneels solemnly—a pause of agony—he rises.*)
I cannot pray!—But he will hear the voice
That cannot speak! (*in tears.*)

Adel. (*with emotion*)
I pray not—for my choaked voice would fail!
My last, wrought strength be spent upon this
cry—
Draw every brand—flash them in Heaven's
bright eye,
And drawn, may they know no other name to
whet them

But hers for whom this single arm hath struck,
Nor, brandish'd, may they know another sheath
But Wallenberg's foul heart!

*(Loud shouts from the peasants who follow —
Adelmar turns tenderly to Fredolfo, and takes
his hand.)*

Come on, my father!

Fred. (starting from stupefaction)

Am I a father?

*(Recovering himself, and snatching a sword from
one of the peasants, and brandishing it wildly.)*

I'm a warrior yet! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Shrine, splendidly adorned and illuminated.

*Urilda alone, seated at the foot of the altar, which
is raised, and clinging to it.*

Uril. I am in safety here!

The lover may neglect the maid he woo'd,
The father may desert the child he loved,
But Heaven will not renounce the thing it
form'd—

The worm that twines in humble agony
Around its altar's pale!

Enter Prior, magnificently habited, with Monks.

Prior. What art thou, woman,
Who hast with wild and desperate grasp laid
hold
On our high sanctuary?—

Hast thou within thee fearful consciousness
Of crime untold, unknown? (*a pause.*)
Or, art thou conscious of some desperate deed,
Which, done by other, must by thee be told?

(*A pause.*)

Why cling'st thou trembling to the altar's rail,
Unanswering and speechless?

Uril. I am innocent!

Mercy, O, holy father, for a wretch,
Who, by each holy thing around her, claims it!
By saint and shrine I plead,
Shelter from wild and horrid violence;
Let my life-blood bedew the altar-stone,
But tear not from its sacred hold my hands!

Monk. She is Fredolfo's daughter. Round
our walls

Thunder the forces of fierce Wallenberg,
And wilt thou risk our holy sanctuary
To shield a fugitive wanderer?

Uril. (*quitting the shrine and falling at the
prior's feet, whose robe she holds*)

Father, save me!

Monk. If thou hast value for these holy things,
Yield thee, and part in peace!

Uril. (*in despair, and retreating to the shrine*)
If I must yield,

It is to heaven I yield, and not to man!
For heaven will not forsake me!

Prior (*with dignity*). Nor its minister!
Behold, beneath this taper'd cross I place thee—
Let him whose brand of more than mortal might

Dare boast, against this sacred panoply
Lift his unhallow'd arm, and drop it powerless!

(Noise without increasing.)

Monk. Hark! hush thy wild boasting!—

Stern, mail'd men
Are trooping round our walls—fell Wallen-
berg—*(Noise increases.)*

“ They come! they come!

“ *Prior (boldly).* And let them come!

“ *Uril. (clinging to him)* My father!

“ I tremble!

“ *Prior.* Tremble not.

“ *Uril. (wildly)* The roof swims round!—

*(During this the noise increases every moment,
and Monks crowd in terror to the sanctuary.)*

“ The doors are yielding!

(Noise increases with great violence.)

“ *(Trembling with apprehension)*

“ Wilt thou abandon me?

“ *Prior.* Abandon thee!

“ If thou, indeed, in purity of soul,

“ Cling'st to the shrine, where the soul's purity

“ Alone hath claim, cling boldly, and be safe!”

*The doors give way, and Wallenberg and his
band rush in. They recoil at the entrance, till
he urges them on.*

“ *Uril. (screaming with horror, and clinging
to the Prior)*

“ Oh! hold me! hold me! Heaven forsakes me
now!”

Prior (turning to them with much dignity)
What are ye, that with desperate step dare
tread
Upon this hallow'd pavement—that dare lift
Your armed hands, where hands are raised in
prayer?

Wall. And what art thou, thou bold and im-
pious priest,
That dar'st degrade thy temple's sanctity,
And spread the fold of thy polluted vestment
Around the head of a doomed murderer's child?

Prior (menacing). Advance another step——

Wall. Advance, and seize her!

Uril. (shrieking)
Save me! oh, save me, father!

Prior (trembling). Fear them not!

Wall. (raging, as his band recoil)
Dastards and dotards, must I bid ye twice?

Uril. (struggling)
Oh, holy father! to thy robe I cling—
To thy high altar—clasp me—closer clasp me!

*Wall. (seizing her, while she still keeps a
feeble hold of the Prior)*
She's mine! she's mine!

Uril. (half torn from the Prior)
Oh! hold me!—hold me yet!

Fred. (Without.) Where is my daughter?

Uril. (Struggling convulsively.) My father
near!—O, for a moment yet!

[*Wallenberg tears Urilda from the Prior,
takes her up the steps to the altar, and*

holds her, pointing his dagger to her breast, as Fredolfo enters with his band.

Prior. (To Wallenberg menacing.) Hark! he comes!

The avenger comes! and terrible his march!

[As Fredolfo and his band enter, the Prior and Monks rush out.]

Fred. (Wildly.) Where is my child? I see her not!

[Discovering her held by the arm of Wallenberg, he retreats in horror.]

I see her!

Wall. (In triumph.) She's here! she's here! Behold thy child!—Ay, bend and supplicate—Bow thy hoar head in agony to earth,—Crouch like a slave beneath the galling lash, Writhe like a worm, that I may trample on thee, As I do thus! *[Stamping.]*

Uril. My father!—O, my father! Heed not his horrid words—there is a death That all can die—the death of broken hearts—Bow not thine honour'd head to earth for me!

Fred. Wallenberg—foe—man whom I loathe and fear—

To earth I bend my trembling head before thee! *[Kneels.]*

Wall. Cast down thy weapon!

Fred. (Throwing it from him.)

At thy feet I cast it!

Wall. Dismiss thy traitor band!

Fred. (To his band.) Away! and leave me!

Uril. (Struggling vainly while this is done.)
Father! O, father! mercy for thy child!
O, let some arrow's wing, or javelin's flight,
Be strongly aim'd to quiver in my heart!

Adelmar rushes in with a reinforcement.

Adel. What! stand ye here to parley, coward talkers,
While in that ruffian's grasp *Urilda* writhes?
Who bears a brand, and boasts man's arm to wield it,
Follow and save her!

Fred. Hold! or she is lost!

[Fredolfo, in agony for his daughter's safety, holds back Adelmar, who is now horror-struck by her danger. Wallenberg addressing Adelmar, as he gazes with malignant delight at her lover and her father, neither of whom dare to advance.]

Wall. (To Adelmar.) Her father bow'd to earth beneath my feet,
And thou, her lover—for her trembling life
What wouldst thou give?

Adel. (Kneeling in agony.) My life! my soul!
my all!

Wall. (Deriding him.) Romantic prodigal—
I ask thy sword!

Uril. (Wildly.) Yield it not—yield it not—
Adelmar—my love—
Yield not our only hope—thy faithful sword!

Fred. (Supplicating Wallenberg.) Take, take
my worthless life—be mine the ransom!
(*To Urilda.*) Have mercy on thy father!—let
him die!

Adel. Spare reverend honour'd age,—spare
helpless beauty!
Do on these youthful limbs your butcher-
work—

Their strength will long defy the torture's toil!

Uril. (In distraction and struggling.) Kneel
not to him for mercy—he hath none.
(*Suddenly changing.*) I will beneath thy feet
fling my crush'd heart—

[*Dreading the danger of Fredolfo and Adelmars.*
I will be thine, I'll love thee—worship thee!

Adel. (Starting up.) His! his! that word hath
wither'd up my heart!

[*Kneeling, and offering his sword.*
Here! take my sword!

Wall. (Stabbing him with it as he kneels.)
I do—and—thus I use it!

[*Adelmar falls; Wallenberg releases Urilda,
pointing with a dreadful smile to his pro-
strate body. Fredolfo, overcome with hor-
ror, shrinks back, and hides his head in
his mantle for a few moments. Urilda falls
beside Adelmars, then turns to Wallenberg.*

Uril. Devil! O, devil! not one stab for me—
I do not pray—I ask no mercy now!

[*Adelmar, half raising himself, fixes his eyes
on her.*

Ah! still he lives! and while there's life, I
hope!

[Turning distractedly to Wallenberg.
Mercy—dear Wallenberg—kind Wallenberg!

[Adelmar expires.
(Starting up.) Life is no more—nor is there
mercy now.

I kneel no more—I curse thee to thy face!

[Dashing herself deliriously beside the body
of Adelmar. Fredolfo recovering himself,
and rushing on Wallenberg, who stands in
malignant stupefaction at the spectacle of
Urilda's despair.

Fred. Villain! let Vengeance pay her triple
debt!

This for the sire—the mother—and the child!

[After a short conflict, he thrice wounds Wal-
lenberg, who falls against the altar, point-
ing to Urilda. Fredolfo views him as he
falls with a look of dreadful triumph.

Wall. (Struggling to raise himself.)

Thine eyes look curses at me, though thou
speak'st not—

Those curses are my parting soul's rich be-
nison—

'Tis all I ask!

[Recovering some strength, rising, and
grasping the arm of Urilda, whom he
flings towards her father, a paralyzed and
frozen object.

Ha! this is better still!

Thou seek'st thy daughter—take her from my hand!

[He flings her into the arms of her father, falls, and expires with a laugh.]

Fred. My child! my child! is it my child I clasp?

What ghastly thing art thou, with lightless eye,
That starest on me in stone! if thou hast life,
I do adjure thee, speak!—Save me from madness!

Urilda! daughter! speak!

Uril. (Slowly recovering.) What voice is that?
I deem'd that it was past—but still I'm here—
Chain'd down in torture—struggling with a fiend!—

[Pushing away her father.]

Avaunt! thy touch is fire—my veins are scorched!

I blaze!—I blaze!—stand off!—pour rivers o'er me!

[Shrieking.]

Ah! with hot gore ye drench me—I'm o'erwhelm'd!

A sea of blood!—down, down, amid the billows!

Down, down for ever!—rest is at the bottom!

[Fredolfo sinks into the arms of Waldo, Urilda staggers feebly towards the body of Adelmara, and sinks down beside it.]

Father! you knew him—would you know him now?

[Staggers to her father.]

There is a band around my brain and heart!
 A burning cord!—Can you unloose it, father?
 It bursts, it bursts!—'tis a sweet agony!
 They thought to part us—this hath baffled
 them!

Mine, mine—for ever mine!—See how I smile!

[*Falls on the body of Adelmar, and expires slowly, forcing a smile as she sees her father's agony.*]

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

By A. A. WATTS, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MISS BRUNTON.

[*Speaks as entering.*]Now for *my* part!—nay, frown not on me so:

Good, gentle critic, smooth that ruffled brow;

Prithee, the lightning of your wrath delay

Until you've heard the little *I've* to say!

A few years since—the fashion is gone by

Like many others, though we know not why—

The TRAGIC MUSE, I'm told, was judged by rules

From Nature drawn, not gathered from the schools;

And if she touched the heart had nought to fear

From the fool's scoff, or pedant's look severe.

Our censors now a different mode pursue,

Nor always yield the laurel wreath where due;

Some,—with bent brows and most portentous faces,

Spy out defects the author meant as graces,

“ And quick condemn, without one qualm of conscience,

“ Each daring thought as most egregious nonsense;”

Heedless the while, amid their work of slaughter,

That the best pearls lie in the deepest water!

“ Fain would they stay all genius in its flight,

“ Because it soars above and mocks their sight;

“ The loftiest energies of mind restrain

“ 'Neath the dark link of caution's chilling chain,—

“ And, owl-like, seek to blot the orb of day,

“ Because *their* eyes are dazzled by its ray.”*Others* there are, so partial to a joke,

That sober reason seems to them a yoke;

And so to ease it, and produce a hit,
 They make the bard—a whetstone to their wit!
 True or untrue—no matter—they must say
 A few *smart* things about him and his play;
 For 'twould be hard if they for candour's sake
 Must balk *impromptus*—it took weeks to make!
 Thus hath our poet dangers twain to shun,
 His Scylla ignorance,—his Charybdis fun;—
 Yet, well assured that there are many here
 From whose just judgment he has nought to fear,—
 In whom, with knowledge and a taste refined,
 Heaven's choicest gift! a noble heart, is join'd;—
 And all encouraged by the tears and sighs
 Vouchsafed from yon fair bosoms and bright eyes;
 So that he 'scape the swell of that dark ocean—
 That sea of heads, e'en now in fearful motion,—
 To-morrow night he will respread his sail
 (Grant ye, kind destinies, a favoring gale)
 With talismanic art revive the slain,
 And dare the ROCK and WHIRLPOOL o'er again.

The lines with inverted commas were omitted in the delivery.

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